NAPANEE MOBILE BEAVER REPORTER

TEMPLETON & SUMMAS, Proprietors. | NAPANEE, ONT., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25th, 1880. | $1.50 a year in advance. Postage Paid.

NAPANEE SILVER AND METALLIC PLATING WORKS.

D. JENNINGS

would invite the attention of the public to the process of Plating Table Cutlery with pure Silver, which never wears off. The old method of Plating was by Electro Deposit. This is the invention of the age, as it entirely does away with the objection of knives and forks becoming loose in handle from heat.

SILVER PRICE LIST—DOUBLE PLATE.

Table Knives ... $2.00 per doz.
Table Forks ... 2.00 "
Table Spoons ... 2.00 "
Tea Spoons ... 1.50 "
Wash'd Cases ... from $5 to $8.

Repairing and Silver Gilt Steam wheel, work-manship guaranteed. Thanking all my friends and patrons for past favors, I would solicit a continuance of their esteem. Napanee, with a call from those who have not yet given me their custom.

J. A. WHEELER.

FLOUR, CORN MEAL, AND FEED.

CASH PAID FOR GRAIN OF ALL KINDS.

Gristing done on Short Notice.

LATELY OPENED OUT.

F. H. ROUS & CO., Belleville.

5000 PELTS WANTED —AT— W. Ewart's Morocco Tannery, 137 & 139 QUEEN'S DOCKS HILL, (on the Canal, Property formerly James Peely's Tanner Ex.)

CAUTION.

EACH PLUG OF THE MYRTLE NAVY

IS MARKED T. & B. IN BRONZE LETTERS NONE OTHER GENUINE.

T. L. MAIR AND BRO.

PRACTICAL ENGINEERS AND MACHINISTS, NAPANEE. MANUFACTURERS OF Steam Engines and all Kinds of Mill Work.

THRESHING MACHINE REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

NOTICE

CORPORATION OF THE COUNTY OF LENNOX & ADDINGTON

Consolidate the debenture debt

E. STORK, Warden.

ENGLAND.

DR. GRAY, the Inventor of VITALINE, was a CELEBRATED PHYSICIAN of London, England.

VITALINE is a sure remedy for all Nervous Diseases.

VITALINE is for sale by all Druggists.

THE GRAY MEDICINE CO., Toronto.

HURRAH, HURRAH, HURRAH

CHRISTMAS IS COMING.

SANTA CLAUS JUST ARRIVED AT THE --7c. STORE--

TOYS, NOVELTIES, VASES AND USEFUL ARTICLES.

FLOUR AND FEED.

FLOUR, FEED, BRAN, SHORTS, CORN MEAL, ETC.

Orders in Town delivered free.

HALL'S PECTORAL BALSAM

TAILORING.

FINE TAILORING. CUSTOM TAILORING.

It is always for the interest of the trading public to go where they can get good value for their money.

And in the Tailoring line of trade I am prepared to say that I can give them satisfaction on all classes of work.

My prices are the regular going prices of the trade. I set no prices, remember, for anyone; but those who will be kind enough to favor me with their custom can rely on First-class Work, promptness and despatch.

Respectfully yours,

GEO. F. HICKOK.

G. F. HICKOK.

HO! XMAS IS COMING. HO!

—AND THE— NAPANEE BOOKSTORE IS PREPARED FOR IT.

We have just opened out a large variety of Beautiful Goods fit for Xmas and New Year's Presents, COMPRISING

FAMILY BIBLES, PEW BIBLES, TEACHERS' AND POCKET BIBLES IN FINE BINDINGS, E. C. PRAYERS IN BEAUTIFUL BINDINGS, CHURCH SERVICES, HYMN BOOKS AND BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.

Our stock of Books is very large, consisting

ILLUSTRATED GIFT BOOKS, MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS, POETS, BRITISH ANNUALS, TOY BOOKS, &c., &c.

ALBUMS. ALBUMS. ALBUMS.

PHOTOGRAPH AND AUTOGRAPH ALBUMS IN RICH BINDINGS.

MISCELLANEOUS GOODS.

Photo Frames, Ladies' Purses, Wrist Cups and Saucers, Vases, Work Boxes, and Writing Desks of every description, and hundreds of other Useful and Ornamental Articles too numerous to mention.

OUR XMAS CARD DEPARTMENT IS COMPLETE.

Mechanical, Birthday, Xmas and New Year's Cards of Every Design.

OUR ENTIRE STOCK HAS BEEN CHOSEN WITH GREAT CARE, and we are sure to please all who may honor us with a call.

Wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

J. STEWART.

CHRISTMAS GOODS, PER EXPRESS,

SPECIALLY FOR THE HOLIDAY SEASON.

SILK HANDKERCHIEFS, LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS, FANCY HANDKERCHIEFS.

SILK, MERINO AND CASHMERE MUFFLERS.

SCARFS AND TIES. BRACES AND SOCKS. COLLARS AND CUFFS.

KID GLOVES AND MITTS—FUR TOPS & PLAIN, LINED & UNLINED.

SCOTCH GLOVES. CLOTH GLOVES. RINGWOOD GLOVES.

SILK AND ALPACA UMBRELLAS.

ARCTIC UNDERCLOTHING SCOTCH UNDERCLOTHING. ENGLISH UNDERCLOTHING. CANADIAN UNDERCLOTHING.

JERSEYS, 75 CENTS, $1 00 AND $1.50.

SHIRTS, DRAWERS AND GLOVES, 25 CENTS AND UPWARDS.

NEW TROUSERINGS AND WORSTED COATINGS.

SCOTCH SUITINGS.

Canadian Tweeds from 50 cents to $1.75.

MUFFLERS, CARDIGANS, &c.

DOWNEY & CO.

CHRISTMS & NEW YEAR'S CARDS.

AN EXTRA FINE ASSORTMENT, VERY CHEAP.

—ALSO— A LARGE VARIETY OF Toys and Fancy Goods, suitable for Xmas Presents

C. P. HENDERSON, Dundas Street, Next Door to Henry Douglass'.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

For some time I have been watching with keen interest the working of the CASH SYSTEM of doing business. Every mercantile man who does a credit business, sooner or later discovers, often greatly to his astonishment, that "there is something wrong in Egypt." As yet only a few, however, have had the courage to apply what must be apparent to every sensible man to the only true remedy. During the comparatively brief time I have been in business my experience has been something as follows:

In the fall every well-to-do customer can be seen on our store, paying cash along as it is unwrapped; in most instances, when a year has rolled round, I find that I have from $2 000 to $3,000 scattered all over the country, varying in amount from $1 to $60, while during the year I have been obliged to pay a heavy rate of interest to meet engagements as they fell due. Among all these amounts a certain number will of course be slow, and I am obliged, no matter how reluctantly, to hold over a portion, perhaps the whole of the amount in the hope of both of them meet your wishes in a few instances the whole account is a dead loss. In doing a credit business I am obliged to charge a sufficient profit to meet these expenses and to see, or sooner or later go to the wall.

The credit business is financially neither safe nor satisfactory, and I have, after mature deliberation, decided to break loose from it and in future do a legitimate

CASH BUSINESS!

and give those of my customers who pay their way as they go the advantage in cheap goods. I will no longer be a party to the system which obliges one man to pay for the fault his neighbor owes.

From and after the First day of January I will Sell for Cash and Cash Only!

In making this important announcement I wish to add that I will sell

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS

CHEAPER THAN EVER BEFORE SOLD IN THESE COUNTIES.

I will have no losses to provide against—what the goods or the money still to be in my possession. I will have no interest to pay, and I am afraid to sell at a less dollar margin.

My facilities for buying cheap are unsurpassed. I can purchase goods as cheap as any one, and I will sell them at a smaller margin.

I would ask my old customers not to be frightened at this change but to try investigate it. I am doing it in your interest as well as my own. Call and I will convince you of this fact in your first order. The refraction will be so marked that you will be astonished.

Remember, in future

ANDERSON'S WILL BE THE CHEAPEST PLACE IN THE COUNTIES FOR GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS.

I KEEP EVERYTHING in my line, of the very best.

I wish to notify all those customers to whom I have been giving credit that all accounts must be closed at once, either by cash or note. I will throw away all books on the first day of January, and before that time I must have a settlement with every one.

Give me a call and get the advantage of this change to cheap groceries.

Cash will do it, and if you want to save money buy from

Yours truly,

W. ANDERSON.

HURRAH FOR XMAS AND SANTA CLAUS.

MILES E. HAWLEY.

FARM FOR SALE.

FARM FOR SALE—75 ACRES

FARM FOR SALE—150 ACRES

FARM FOR SALE—THE SUB

FARM FOR SALE—80 ACRES

FARM FOR SALE—THE SUB

FARM FOR SALE—THE UN

FOR SALE—ONE OF THE BEST

FOR SALE—VALUABLE FARM

238 ACRES IN THE TOWN.

FARM FOR SALE—THE BEST

FARM FOR SALE—THE UN

FARM FOR SALE OR RENT.

FARM FOR SALE OR RENT—A

NOTICE.

NOMINATION.

Monday, December 27th,

A SPLENDID LOT OF PICTURES

HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL

CORRESPONDENCE.

Public Education.

CONDENSED NEWS.

—Great excitement was caused in the Lenoxville streets on Saturday by the discovery of a fire in the premises of Mr. Bullard, corner of Queen and Church streets.

—It is stated that the sufferers of the Lenoxville fire will receive $1,000 from the Provincial Government.

—Frank Le Caine, a young man living with his parents on the Front Road, Ernestown, was drowned in the Bay of Quinte on Thursday last. He was out in a boat with his brother, and in attempting to change his position overturned the boat.

—John Dolan, aged fifty-five, a resident of Kingston, was found dead in bed on Friday last. He had been in the habit of drinking to excess, and it is supposed that he died from the effects of a debauch.

—A great deal is said in Pembroke about the new Catholic church, which is to be built there next year. It is to be a fine building, and will cost $30,000.

—The Rev. Mr. Hall, of Kingston, has been appointed Chaplain to the Penitentiary, in the room of the late Rev. Mr. Lindsay.

—Mr. Thomas Gaffey, who has been in the employ of the Grand Trunk Railway for the past ten years, was killed at Lambton on Thursday last. He was a native of Kingston.

—The Rev. Mr. Bell, of Kingston, has been appointed Chaplain to the Penitentiary, in the room of the late Rev. Mr. Lindsay.

—The Rev. Mr. Hall

RETIRING FROM BUSINESS.

Glorious News.

MAKE——HAY——WHILE——THE——SUN——SHINES.

SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY TO PURCHASE YOUR

Winter Dry Goods, Carpets, Tweeds, Ready-made and Ordered Clothing, Furs, Hats and Caps, Millinery, Small Wares, &c., &c.

——AT COST.——

DOWNEY AND COMPANY

have determined to close up their Dry Goods Business in Napanee, and will offer their entire stock of

$65,000 WORTH of DRY GOODS

AT COST,

IN ORDER TO CLEAR IT OUT.

During the sale we still continue to Manufacture Ordered Work, both in the Tailoring and Dress-making Departments.

THE SALE WILL COMMENCE ON

Saturday, 18th day of December,

AND WILL CONTINUE UNTIL THE STOCK IS DISPOSED OF.

TERMS OF SALE:

All purchases under $25.00 to be in cash.

For purchases over $25.00, either cash or good endorsed notes for three and six months, bearing seven per cent interest.

All goods must be settled for before leaving the premises, either by cash or note.

No Goods Taken Back or Exchanged.

Splendid chance for an enterprising man wishing to enter into a large and first-class business. The stand is the best in town, and, if so desired, the stock will be sold en bloc

Napanee, December 18th, 1880.

DOWNEY & CO.

MONEY TO LOAN.
$300,000.00 TO LOAN
ON FARM & TOWN PROPERTY
at lowest rates of interest, for one term of years, principal not due until end of term, privilege given for payment of part of principal at any time on the usual terms governing such loans. Parties requiring money will do well to call and see me before placing elsewhere. No commission charged. Mortgages purchased.
E. H. KITCHEN,
Barrister, &c., Napanee.
Office over Henry & Fox's Bookstore.

Napanee Beaver.
TERMS $1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.
WM. TEMPLETON, G. M. BOSTON.
SATURDAY, DEC. 25, 1880.

Merrimac Lacrosse
were the Optics Bloods, at Chesapeake, anything more decidedly private and non-Clerical.

—Merry Christmas.
—Wood cheaper is slowly.
—Leave market on Saturday.
—Now the days are begin to lengthen.
—Monday will be nomination day.
—Be the thankful for the mercies at Monday.
—Tuesday was the shortest day of the year.
—Mr. Bell has left the G. T. R. for Montreal.
—The Skyscrape are in a very highway mood.

Thursday was the largest market day of the year.

—The Board of Audit will meet on Friday, 7th January next.

—The Napanee Pleasant social on Tuesday evening, as announced.

—Flowers should see a large breakfast in the place of the Opera House.

—The Pastors extends to its patrons the compliments of the season.

—Mr James Hoss has removed his boot and shoe shop one door west.

—Sunday School adjourned on Saturday at 12 o'clock, to meet on Monday.

—Notice—Grand Trunk Watch Company will not run on Monday 10th January.

—Rev. I. Usher will preside during the day at Church, both on Christmas day.

—Mr. R. J. Wright of Mill Point has been elected Moderator of the Kingston Presbytery.

—Mr. Wm. Hawley has purchased the house at present occupied by Mr. Thos. Chatterton.

—An interesting item from a friend in New Sharon is unavoidably held over for want room for their valued favor.

—The Century Concert grossed $100 at the Kingston general hospital. Let there be more of them.

—Mr Cook is opening an office on Dundas st., in the Cobbs Block lately occupied by Mr Moss as shoe store.

—A gentleman in North Fredericksburgh has been harvesting this week taking all he can get of nuts without.

—An entire supper will be given in the Arlington Hotel, Napanee, on Monday next, 27th inst. Tea at 6 o'clock.

—It is stated that Sir Richard Cartwright will address the people of Belleville at Belleville on the 14th inst.

—The party that rent a small sum from Mrs Smith on the street can recover it by calling on Tom Hawley, Napanee.

—The Rathbun Co. have out of hand a very handsome season on Tuesday evening, 28th inst. Admission 25 cents.

—The American Hay Company have ordered their governor to the trustees of the new county for their united hay.

—Mr. Wm. Hawley will be learned too. Cakes four-new inches in thickness, of pure water ice can be taken from the river.

—Mr. J. S. Wagner the hostler in long dangerous at Kaneb, was frightful at Napanee station on the morning of the 20th inst.

—Tenders for the necessary must be handed in to the undersigned by 12 o'clock noon on Monday next, 27th inst. Napanee, 21st December.

—John White Esq. M. P. is again a candidate for the representation of Hastings. Mr. White is de-feated last year by Mr. Ampleby.

—Mr. Thomas Hawley's residence was recently visited by burglars, and a number of articles of value have been reported missing.

—A grand supper will be given in the Odd Fellows Hall on Monday next for a time it was thought the above entertainment was going on.

—No further developments in the mysterious affair of the burning of Mr. Hawley's house have occurred, although it is still thought by many that it was the work of an incendiary.

—We much regret to see sympathy for Mr. W. Empey on the death of his wife. She was a lady highly esteemed by all her acquaintances.

—Next week at Tom Hawley's will be the first number of Prof. de-scribe your subscription at 50 cents per year. Subscribe at once.

—Mr. Thomas Hawley has purchased the property of Richmond for the purpose of removing the material of the house to the new premises.

—The twenty-one breast bill is on the rates Trumps is re-ceived at the Napanee station. Let your agent advertise are observing with the said Trumps.

—Keep on the line to the Napanee station for Tom Hawley only for those who pay priority in advance, otherwise the notices will be sent to Sharon.

—An interesting item for our self friend, Mr Thomas Mallory, on his recent happy venture in the matrimonial line. We wish the happy couple every prosperity.

—The Napanee and Mill Point road accommodation is very poor, and the travelling public will be accommodated and widened. It will be a great improvement.

—Happy Harry Wilson took me a subscription for the Beaver last week. Harry is a good fellow and is working hard to secure a good education, and we are confident he over the hill.

—The Napanee Cornet Band, in spite of inclement weather, paid a visit to the Napanee Cornet Band, Mr. Wm. Hawley, on Thursday evening last, and spent a very pleasant time.

—The Young Men's Christian Association Choirs are need to the organ at present. But there is help at hand, and are required in making improvements. Contributions will be thankfully received.

—Mr. Jos S Rodgers is announced as to the opposition to Jos Sears, Jr., and Mr. Jos Sears, Jr., to the interests of Napanee, Mr. Oliver Wagner as Mr. Rodgers' agent.

—The funeral cortege of Mrs. H. Empey on Sunday last was one of the largest that has been seen for a long time. The remains being buried on the Hill Street Cemetery, Napanee.

—A team belonging to Henry Tobbin & Sharon, was run away with on Saturday last, passing through the toe on the Bay and the high sheep about ten o'clock last night. No damage done, very much heard.

—The Annual Meeting of the C. M. Church will be held on Monday next, 27th inst. Tea will be given. Refreshments will be served, and an excellent entertainment will be provided. Tea at 6 o'clock, 25 cents.

—A meeting of Conservatives are being made at Bloomfield on next Monday, 27th inst. Mr. Wm. Hawley will be present and will be present to address the meeting. Mr. Wm. Hawley will be present to address the meeting.

—Mr. Wm. Simpson has his eatery in West Ward in full running order again, and has been greatly improved by the addition of a new stock of goods. He is to be congratulated on his success in the way of business.

—At the meeting of the Directors of the Napanee Agricultural Society held on Saturday last, it was decided to hold the annual meeting on the 1st Monday in January, 1881, at the Napanee Hotel, at 2 o'clock p.m.

—The Rev. Mr. Lindsay, of Bloomfield, now Parkdale, has been unanimously called to Napanee, and will preach next Sabbath, 26th inst. Mr. Lindsay is a gentleman of high standing in the Methodist Church, and will be heard with pleasure.

—Mr. Collier is busy making repairs to the Napanee Flour, owned by Mr. Wm. Hawley, and will be ready for business in a few days. He is also making improvements in the Napanee Woollen Mills.

—The terms of the following advertisers of the Bloomfield Mutual Fire Insurance Co. for the year 1881, viz: Messrs. Perry Bros., Bloomfield; Mr. J. B. Hinch, Bloomfield; Mr. Wm. Hawley, Napanee, have been placed in the hands of the undersigned, and the premiums are payable at the office of the company, Napanee, on or before the 1st day of January, 1881.

—Mr. Wm. Hawley, Napanee, has been appointed Agent, vice Mr. Wm. Hawley, Napanee, resigned. The Directors have also appointed Mr. Wm. Hawley, Napanee, Agent, vice Mr. Wm. Hawley, Napanee, resigned.

—Mr. Wm. Hawley, Napanee, has been appointed

COUNTY COURT.

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.

The County Court and General Sessions of the Peace held a case of the longest session last week which has ever been held since Lord Jeffreys was hanged, and, as stated in a county, the session occupying four full days. Last week we gave the Judge's charge, and the decision in the case of Snider vs. Snider, we continue our report.

WHITEHURST vs. FLEMING.—This was an action on a promissory note. There being no defence, a verdict was given for the plaintiff for $340.70. E. J. Cooper for plff., Dundas & Madden for defts.

CLARK vs. ARMITAGE.—An appeal made against a conviction made by Amos Morris and L. F. Aylesworth, Esqrs., on August 14th; against Mr. Armitage, for refusal to pay the award according to by-law of the township of Brosseau, in that behalf. The conviction was confirmed. Dundas & Madden for appellant, Reeve & Morden for respondent.

SECOND DAY.

McKERRY vs. HAW.—This was an action on a promissory note. Verdict for plff., by consent, for $296.82. Reeve & Morden for plff.; E. J. Hoe for defts.

TESSIMER vs. M'PHERSON.—This was an interpleader suit, and was brought by Mr. H. Tessimer of Brosseau, to determine as to who owned certain goods and chattels seized by Messrs. M'Pherson, Craig & Co., of Fdgd., that, under a writ of attachment issued against a brother of plff. verdict for plff. Reeve & Morden for plff.; Dundas & Madden for defts.

In the case of the Queen vs. Ann Wagar, for concealment of birth of a child, the Grand Jury found "no bill."

(In full belief of the unwarranted of the decision of Grand and Petit Juries, Miss Ann made true bills for theft, and were she is at present. However, she may return now as the Grand Jury found no evidence on which to send her for trial.)

QUEEN vs. WM. LITTLE.—The prisoner was charged with wounding A. Abram with attempt to do grievous bodily harm. The Grand Jury found a true bill, and Little was sent up for trial.

On the trial Dr. Button was called to testify that the wound did not constitute one under such malicious intent, but as an accident, on the plea of the cut severing the jugular vein. The prisoner was discharged.

This case was reported in our Police Court reports some time ago).

The Grand Jury presented the following report:

His Honor William Henry Wilkinson, Judge of the County Court of the County of Lennox and Addington.

The Grand Jury beg leave to report as follows:

That we have disposed of the criminal cases brought before us, and discharged to the best of our ability, the entire duties devolving upon Grand Jurors.

We regret the increase of crime in this City as noted to in Your Honor's charge, and while deploring its existence we feel that it is expedient at present to recommend the appointment of a special constable in the County, so that the creation of a paid constabulary, the expenses of the administration of justice would be increased, and new enactments that under our admirable system of criminal administration sufficient powers already exist for the punishment of crime and the vindication of the law.

We further beg leave to report that the condition of the gaol, and found the same clean and in excellent order. We have every confidence in the gaol, and would respectfully request the renewal to engage the services of the same, if possible.

JOHN COLLINS,
Foreman.

Court adjourned on Friday after the presentation of the Grand Jury's report.

COUNTY COUNCIL.

FOURTH DAY.

The Council met at 10 a.m. The Warden in the chair.

The minutes of yesterday were read and confirmed.

Reports were received from the Committee on Education and Finance, and brought up their report, recommending that the account of Henry Ayres, stationery, amounting to $29.99, be paid, for printing minutes, &c.

Mr. Hart & Mr. Johnson, printing, $315.50, paid. The Committee recommended that the usual grant of $40 be made to the poor schools of the County.

The report was adopted.

Moved by Mr. Aylesworth, seconded by Mr. Hart, that $120 be granted to the Kingston and Napanee Plank Road Company, and that the Warden and Clerk of the County Council be authorized to sign the necessary bonds.

The Committee on Roads and Bridges brought up their report as follows:

Your Committee on Roads and Bridges beg to report that they have examined the following petitions, and recommend that the prayer of the petitioners be granted, viz.:

[illegible] petition of J. A. Cartwright and others, we would recommend that the prayer of said petition be granted on condition that the petitioners comply with the provisions of the statute in such case made and provided.

The petition of R. Shannon for repairs to bridge on Napanee and Point Henry road, amounting to $10.85 be paid.

And that on a resolution of Mr. Caton, asking for a special grant of $20 for the County road in the village of Newburgh, we recommend said sum.

On the petitions of Dunnevan and Peel, asking $2 to be for the County road, known as Richmond and Sheffield C. road, recommend an action.

The Council went into Committee of the whole on the report, the first clause of which was adopted.

The second clause, with reference to the cleaning of the road on Prince Hill, created considerable discussion, and was finally adopted.

The third clause was adopted.

The fourth clause was adopted.

The fifth clause was struck out.

The sixth clause was adopted, and the report, as amended, was adopted.

Moved by Mr. Dafoe, seconded by Mr. Parks, that there be a new bridge built across the stream known as Spring Creek.—Referred to Committee on Roads and Bridges.

Mr. Williams was appointed in place of Mr. Caton to the Committee on Finance.

Mr. Caton moved, seconded by Mr. Hart, that the County Council do not pay the account of Mr. Ayres, of Kingston, for printing minutes, &c.

Moved by Mr. Lane, seconded by Mr. Hart, that the account of Mr. Ayres, of Kingston, for printing minutes, &c., be paid.—Carried.

Moved by Mr. Caton, seconded by Mr. Hart, that the account of Mr. Ayres, of Kingston, for printing minutes, &c., be not paid.—Lost.

Moved by Mr. Caton, seconded by Mr. Hart, that the account of Mr. Ayres, of Kingston, for printing minutes, &c., be paid.—Carried.

The Council then went into Committee of the whole on the second report of the Finance Committee. The figures 25 in the first clause were expunged, and the figures 50 substituted therefor.

The second clause was read.

The report was called upon to a new draft of the Bill which had been drawn at the June session. This the Warden read, at the same time stating that the Committee had taken pains to procure all the information attainable.

The remaining clauses were adopted, and the report, as amended, was adopted.

Moved by Mr. Caton, seconded by Mr. Gilmour, that Mr. Lane had to appear in Kingston, and being absent, he be allowed to go in the morning, and that his name be entered on the pay-list for 5 days, and he be paid.—Carried.

The Warden drew the attention of the members of the Council to the statement in the Express with regard to Wednesday's meeting. The conclusion arrived at was that the article was to-wrath the nature of the Council.

An account was presented for wood for Registry Office from James Empey, amounting to $2 82.—Referred to Committee on County Property.

The Council adjourned till 10 o'clock to-morrow.

FIFTH DAY—SATURDAY.

The Council met at 10 a.m., the Warden in the chair.

Moved by Mr. Allison, seconded by Mr. Murray, that a memorial be presented to the Legislature, asking for an act authorizing the county to consolidate its debt, and the issuing of debentures for the payment of the same; and that such memorial be signed by the Warden and Clerk under the seal of the corporation.—Carried.

The Committee on Roads and Bridges brought up their second report, recommending that on the petition of the Reeve of North Fredericksburgh, asking for a sum sufficient to build a bridge on the Napanee and Odessa Road, in said township, said bridge be built, under the supervision of the Reeve of said township, W. N. Dafoe, Esq., and paid for when completed.

On the resolution of Messrs. Lane and Bosley, for a special grant of $60 to rebuild bridge in Dunbigh, known as Eagle Mill Bridge, your Committee would recommend that $70 be granted.

The Council went into Committee of the whole on the report, which was read clause by clause.

The first clause was amended; the cost of said bridge to be deducted from the appropriation to North Fredericksburgh for next year.

The second clause, with regard to the Eagle Hill Bridge, was adopted.

Moved by Mr. Dafoe, seconded by Mr. Gilmore, that the report of the Committee on Roads and Bridges be referred back to a Committee of the Whole with instructions to amend the first clause, with regard to the building of the bridge across Spring Creek, by striking out the words "and the same be" &c.—The report was accordingly adopted.

An account of W. V. Dafoe for expense charges, &c., was referred to the Committee on County Property.

The Committee on County Property brought up their third report, recommending that the account of James A. Empey, for wood for the Registry office, amounting to $2.82 be paid.

Moved by Mr. Dunbar, seconded by Mr. Gardiner, that Chas. George receive the sum of $5 for services as messenger to this Council.—Carried.

Also that the usual allowance be paid to W. V. Dafoe, County Clerk, amounting to $20, for fuel, office rent, &c.—Carried.

Moved by Mr. Dafoe, seconded by Mr. Allison, that the Committee on County Property advertise for 100 cords of wood for the County gaol and asylum for the year for 1881.—Carried.

Moved by Mr. Wood, seconded by Mr. Parks, that the County Treasurer notify the Treasurers of the different municipalities that they are required to pay all moneys due to the County forthwith.—Carried.

Moved by Mr. Caton, seconded by Mr. D. Allison, that an order be granted to the Treasurer of the County of Lennox and Addington, to endeavor to consolidate the debentures held by the Municipality of Kingston, to authorize the issuing of debentures for the payment of the same, and that a memorial be presented to the Legislature to that effect.—Carried.

The Warden then asked for the thanks of the Council for the able manner in which he had discharged the duties of the chair during the present session.

Moved by Mr. Caton, seconded by Mr. Hart, that the thanks of the Council be tendered to the Warden for the able manner in which he has discharged the duties of the chair during the present session.—Carried.

The Warden then addressed the Council, thanking them for the kind manner in which they had expressed themselves, and for the assistance they had rendered him during the session.

Moved by Mr. Caton, seconded by Mr. Hart, that the Council do now adjourn.—Carried.

The Council then adjourned till the January session.

A petition was received from Mr. Murray and other Amherst Islanders, asking for $800 to assist in effecting telegraphic communication between said Island and the mainland.—The petition was left over to the January session.

Moved by Mr. Wilson, seconded by Mr. Aylesworth, that whereas this corporation borrowed, some years ago, from the then township of Richmond, the sum of $6,000, on which sum interest has been paid from time to time, but for which no note or other obligation was ever made; and whereas said loan is past due, and this corporation is prepared to pay the amount thereof, therefore resolved that the Warden and Clerk be required to draw an order on the Treasurer in favor of the Treasurer of the corporation of the Bluffs for the said sum of $6,000, on which no interest is to be paid thereon.—Carried.

The Finance Committee submitted their 2nd report, recommending that the debentures due of the county, amounting to $150 000, be consolidated, and debentures issued to run for 30 years, and that the Warden and Clerk be instructed to have the bill for a consolidation so drawn.

The Committee also submitted the following recommendations:

That the Committee recommend that the Warden and Clerk be instructed to have the Bill for consolidation so drawn as to provide for the issuing of debentures to run for 30 years with interest at 6 per cent. payable half yearly, and that a sum shall be annually levied sufficient to pay the interest and to form a fund for the redemption of such debentures at maturity, and also providing for the safe-keeping of such funds by depositing the same in some chartered bank of Canada, or the investment thereof in the securities of the Province of Ontario or the Dominion of Canada, and in accordance with the main features of the draft of bill hereby submitted.

That the amount raised for redemption of the debentures shall be used for that purpose, and no other, under penalty of criminal prosecution of any officer or officers of the corporation who shall be guilty of any contravention of this section.

The Council here went into committee of the whole on the second report of the Finance Committee. The figures 25 in the first clause were expunged, and the figures 50 substituted therefor.

The second clause was read.

The report was called upon to a new draft of the Bill which had been drawn at the June session. This the Warden read, at the same time stating that the Committee had taken pains to procure all the information attainable.

The remaining clauses were adopted, and the report, as amended, was adopted.

Moved by Mr. Caton, seconded by Mr. Gilmour, that as Mr. Lane had to appear in Kingston, and being absent, he be allowed to go in the morning, and that his name be entered on the pay-list for 5 days, and he be paid.—Carried.

The Warden drew the attention of the members of the Council to the statement in the Express with regard to Wednesday's meeting. The conclusion arrived at was that the article was to-wrath the nature of the Council.

An account was presented for wood for Registry Office from James Empey, amounting to $2 82.—Referred to Committee on County Property.

The Council adjourned till 10 o'clock to-morrow.

FIFTH DAY—SATURDAY.

The Council met at 10 a.m., the Warden in the chair.

Moved by Mr. Allison, seconded by Mr. Murray, that a memorial be presented to the Legislature, asking for an act authorizing the county to consolidate its debt, and the issuing of debentures for the payment of the same; and that such memorial be signed by the Warden and Clerk under the seal of the corporation.—Carried.

The Committee on Roads and Bridges brought up their second report, recommending that on the petition of the Reeve of North Fredericksburgh, asking for a sum sufficient to build a bridge on the Napanee and Odessa Road, in said township, said bridge be built, under the supervision of the Reeve of said township, W. N. Dafoe, Esq., and paid for when completed.

On the resolution of Messrs. Lane and Bosley, for a special grant of $60 to rebuild bridge in Dunbigh, known as Eagle Mill Bridge, your Committee would recommend that $70 be granted.

The Council went into Committee of the whole on the report, which was read clause by clause.

The first clause was amended; the cost of said bridge to be deducted from the appropriation to North Fredericksburgh for next year.

The second clause, with regard to the Eagle Hill Bridge, was adopted.

Moved by Mr. Dafoe, seconded by Mr. Gilmore, that the report of the Committee on Roads and Bridges be referred back to a Committee of the Whole with instructions to amend the first clause, with regard to the building of the bridge across Spring Creek, by striking out the words "and the same be" &c.—The report was accordingly adopted.

An account of W. V. Dafoe for expense charges, &c., was referred to the Committee on County Property.

The Committee on County Property brought up their third report, recommending that the account of James A. Empey, for wood for the Registry office, amounting to $2.82 be paid.

Moved by Mr. Dunbar, seconded by Mr. Gardiner, that Chas. George receive the sum of $5 for services as messenger to this Council.—Carried.

Also that the usual allowance be paid to W. V. Dafoe, County Clerk, amounting to $20, for fuel, office rent, &c.—Carried.

Moved by Mr. Dafoe, seconded by Mr. Allison, that the Committee on County Property advertise for 100 cords of wood for the County gaol and asylum for the year for 1881.—Carried.

Moved by Mr. Wood, seconded by Mr. Parks, that the County Treasurer notify the Treasurers of the different municipalities that they are required to pay all moneys due to the County forthwith.—Carried.

Moved by Mr. Caton, seconded by Mr. D. Allison, that an order be granted to the Treasurer of the County of Lennox and Addington, to endeavor to consolidate the debentures held by the Municipality of Kingston, to authorize the issuing of debentures for the payment of the same, and that a memorial be presented to the Legislature to that effect.—Carried.

The Warden then addressed the Council, thanking them for the kind manner in which they had expressed themselves, and for the assistance they had rendered him during the session.

Moved by Mr. Caton, seconded by Mr. Hart, that the thanks of the Council be tendered to the Warden for the able manner in which he has discharged the duties of the chair during the present session.—Carried.

The Council then adjourned till the January session.

GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM.

Its remarkable power in relieving ... Bronchial ... and its almost specific effect in curing that hacking Cough, is now well known to the public at large.

KERRY, WATSON & CO.

SMOKE GOLD FLAKE CUT PLUG.

GOLD FLAKE

Cut Plug is the best plug smoking tobacco ever introduced into Canada. It is made from the best Virginia leaf, and is pronounced by all who have tried it to be unequalled for mildness and delicacy of flavor. Cut Plug is packed in neat packages, and is sold by all respectable dealers in all parts of the Dominion.

MANUFACTURED BY
THE GLOBE TOBACCO CO., Warsaw, Ont.

GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.

TRADE MARK. The Great TRADE MARK.

Before Taking. After Taking.

N. H. DOWNS' VEGETABLE BALSAMIC ELIXIR

Is a sure cure for Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, and all Lung Diseases, when taken in season.

People die of consumption through the ignorance of neglect, when the timely use of this remedy would have cured them.

Price—Small quantity of cure, 25 cts.; large quantity, 50 cts. Prepared only by N. H. DOWNS, Medical Depot, Price 25 cents and 50 cents per bottle.

Dr. Baxter's Mandrake BITTERS

Will cure Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Biliousness, Fever and Ague, and the Blood Diseases. Price 25 cts. per bottle.

ARNICA AND OIL LINIMENT

For Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Wounds, Sores, Stings of Insects, Frost Bites, Chilblains, Corns, Bunions, Sore Throat, Croup, Diphtheria, Colds, Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis, Inflammation, Pains in the Chest, Back or Limbs, Toothache, Earache, Sick Headache, Lame Back, Pains in the Stomach, Cramps, Spasms, Colic, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Chapped Hands, Sore Nipples, Caked Breasts, Piles

MATTERS DRAMATIC.

SHAKESPEARE fixed the age of Juliet at 14, but on the stage the maturity of actresses capable of playing the part makes an alteration of the text necessary. San Francisco, however, is to have a fourteen-year-old *Juliet* in the person of a juvenile prodigy.

"MICHEL STROGOFF," the spectacular drama recently put upon the stage at the Chatelet, in Paris, has cost over $80,000 to produce, and the nightly expenses are $1,5000. As the house only holds $2,280, it is obvious that the piece must run for over a year, if it is to be a profitable speculation.

THE Passion Play performed at Oberammergau during the past season realized $60,000. A balance of $29,000, after deducting expenses, was divided between the performers. The person who presented the Saviour got the largest share, namely, $250. Judas realized more than the thirty pieces of silver. The disciples were paid $100 each, and the women of the drama realized very little.

POOR YORICK'S SKULL.—Mr. Florence relates that the elder Booth, while playing Hamlet in a Virginia town, found himself without the important skull. A little darkey volunteered to get one. When Booth was leaving the theatre he felt some-one tugging at his coat tail. He looked around and saw the little nigger. "What will you have, sonny?" "Please, say, I want daddy's skull, say." "Daddy's skull?" "Yes, sah. Dat used to be de ole man's headpiece afore de sheriff kicked him, an' mammy'll lick me to rags if I lose it."

MADAMOISELLE'S LACE.—I once saw in Paris a magnificent stage costume, made for Mme. Judic. On the skirt was the loveliest tablier of rich lace I ever beheld. The dress was displayed on account of that lace; and that lace was worth, perhaps, 25*l*. For it was paper, wonderfully stamped, and represented chains of fuchsias, and looked just as much a piece of real lace as a Paris diamond by night looks an old mine gem. Parisian actresses wear that paper lace a great deal; it is tough, soft, and very effective. To wear a costly lot of lace, which may be ruined in a night, when $5 worth of lace paper looks as well, is considered the height of folly by intelligent foreigners.

PUTTING OUT THE SUN.—Foote relates the following as having occurred at the Market Drayton Theatre. The company were performing the "Pizarro," when, during the hymn to the sun, the lights being placed too close to the transparency representing that luminary, it, unfortunately, took fire; the manager, who was playing the high priest, observed the occurrence just after singing the words, "Oh power supreme," and, in the utmost consternation, cried out to the stage manager, "The sun's on fire," then proceeding with the hymn, "Oh power supreme," &c., "—— your eyes, put out the sun, I say." The sun, however, continued to blaze; the actors, notwithstanding their fears, were convulsed with laughter. The conflagration being at last extinguished, the play proceeded.

Russia and China.

"The interests and dignity of Russia imperatively demand that the Chinese question shall be speedily brought to an end—to any end. Our situation is humiliating; our heathen neighbours, without much trouble to themselves, compel us to spend scores of millions of roubles, and that at the time when we badly need every rouble for the support of our famine-stricken people."

In such harsh terms does the *Golos* speak of the undecided policy of the Czar's Government toward China, and the journal seems to have expressed the general opinion of the public. A mere glance at the conflict between Russia and China will suffice to show the immense superiority of the diplomatists of the Celestial Empire to those of the Czar. The Pekin Government, without declaring war against the St. Petersburg Government, adroitly managed to put its formidable enemy to endless trouble and to an expense almost equal to that of an actual war. The Kuldja troubles alone took out of the Czar's treasury over ten millions of roubles, and the Kuldja province is as far from being Russian as ever before; it continues to be an apple of discord between the two neighbouring countries.

Again, nearly a year has passed since the Chinese Government refused to ratify the treaty of Livadia, concluded by the unhappy Tchun. How? During that period of time Russia has been in constant fear of war. She has been raising forts on her eastern frontier, sending out hazardous and costly expeditions, and transferring her men-of-war to the Pacific Ocean. Now a considerable Russian army is concentrated not far from Pekin, under the command of Admiral Lessovsky, and, at a cost of millions of roubles, is constantly kept ready for battle. But the Chinese Government is as far from declaring war or concluding peace as ever. And the astute Chinese diplomat, Marquis Tzen, who spends his time for months in the capital on the Neva, manages to baffle all the efforts of the Czar's Government to come to any understanding. Such a state of affairs irritates the Russian people, and bitter complaints are heard on all sides.

The Russian Liberals are particularly angry with the Government for its gross neglect in allowing the foreign trade of China to slip out of the hands of Russia. They affirm that thirty years ago the Russians were the sole masters of the trade, and no nation in the world could get a single pound of the Chinese tea unless through the Russian merchants. Now Russia is compelled to buy a large part of her tea from the English merchants. According to the Chinese statistics for 1879, the Chinese foreign trade both imports and exports, amounting to $347,600,000. Of all this the English vessels transported 73 per cent., the French 12 per cent., the Chinese 5 per cent., the Japanese 4 per cent., the Americans 3 per cent., the Germans 2 per cent., and only 1 per cent. remains for the vessels of all the other countries, Russia included. If these figures can be believed, then it is evident that the complaints of the Russians against their Government are well grounded. It is well known that Russia is the largest consumer of tea, and yet even that article she cannot get now but from the second hands.

Prof. Martens of St. Petersburg, in his pamphlet "Le Conflit entre la Russie et la Chine," recently published in Brussels, defends the Government. He argues that the Czar's policy toward China is, and has been for centuries, friendly and peaceful. If now a Chinese question has come up, the cause must be sought on the other side of the English channel. The Professor tries to prove that the Chinaman is arming himself against Russia only because he is tired of the preaching of the English missionaries, and is afraid of being poisoned to death by the opium forced on him by the English merchants. We are told that the latter bring to China 80,000 boxes of opium a year, selling at $500 per box; that this poison had already put in misery over 8,000,000 of Chinamen of the best [illegible], and that the Chinese hatred for "the devils from beyond sea" (so the Chinese call the English) threatens a general massacre of the European residents in China. The Professor comes to the conclusion that Kuldja must on no account be surrendered to China.

It appears, then, that the Russian Government is not disposed to come to an understanding with her neighbour. On the other hand China continues to [illegible], too, is building forts, [illegible] and drilling armies. [illegible] the head of the [illegible] his [illegible] turned its [illegible] Tsung Tun, the [illegible] can easily disperse [illegible] at the first encounter. [illegible] of China, too, there are no [illegible] ful dispositions. But late events [illegible] us that not every [illegible] war.

CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT TO

The Napanee Beaver

A Merry Christmas to all our Patrons.

WOMAN GOSSIP.

Dream Pedlary.

If there were dreams to sell,
What would you buy?
Some cost a passing bell,
Some a light sigh
That shakes from life's fresh crown
Only a rose-leaf down.
If there were dreams to sell,
Merry and sad to tell,
And the crier rang the bell,
What would you buy?

My Rights.

"Yes God has made me a woman,
And I am content to be
Just what he meant, not reaching out
For other things, since He
Who knows me best and loves me most has
ordered this for me.

"A woman, to live my life out
In quiet, womanly ways,
Hearing the far-off battle,
Seeing as through a haze
The crowding struggling world of men fight
through their busy days.

I am not strong or valiant,
I would not join the fight,
Or jostle with crowds in the highways
To sully my garments white;
But I have rights as a woman, and here I
claim my right.

"The right of a rose to bloom
In its own sweet separate way,
With none to question the perfumed
pink
And none to utter a nay,
If it reaches a root or points a thorn, as even
a rose-tree may.

"The right of the lady-birch to grow,
To grow as the Lord shall please,
By never a sturdy oak rebuked,
Denied nor sun nor breeze,
For all its pliant slenderness, kin to the
stronger trees.

"The right to a life of my own—
Not merely a casual bit
Of somebody else's life, flung out
That, taking hold of it,
I may stand as a cipher does, after a numeral
writ.

"The right to gather and glean
What food I need and can
From the garnered store of knowledge
Which man has heaped for man;
Taking with free hands freely and after an
ordered plan.

"The right! ah, best and sweetest!
To stand all undismayed,
Whenever sorrow or want or sin
Call for a woman's aid;
With none to cavil or question, by never a
look gainsaid.

"I do not ask for a ballot;
Though very life were at stake,
I would beg for the nobler justice
That men for manhood's sake
Should give ungrudgingly, nor withhold till
I must fight and take.

"The fleet foot and the feeble foot
Both seek the self-same goal,
The weakest soldier's name is writ
On the great army-roll;
And God who made man's body strong, made
too the woman's soul."

Vindictive and Jealous Character of the Czar's New Wife—Stories of Her Vengeance—Favorite and Czarina.

Says *Le Voltaire*: It was some time in 1865. The governor-general of the Baltic provinces, as representative of the Czar, gave a ball to the aristocracy in his superb palace at Riga. Nothing was lacking which could add to the brilliancy of the entertainment. The governor-general received the guests (among whom were the greatest nobility of the Baltic provinces), in the great Ritersaal, or Knight's Hall, and his wife stood at his side.

The governor-general at that time was his high excellence, the general-in-chief A——, the emperor's aide-de-camp. His wife was the eldest sister of the woman upon whose lips now hang the destinies of the empire of the czars. I speak of the celebrated Princess Dolgorouki, now the legitimate wife of Alexander II.

I was invited to that ball, and it was then that I beheld for the first time Mme. A——, who before the advent of her sister had occupied the same position at the imperial court. Tall, well-made, of very delicate complexion, with magnificent chestnut hair, she was still what is commonly termed a beautiful woman. Only, her eyes, which were of a deep blue, were nearly always half closed. She suffers from a disease of the eyes.

Maid of honor to the empress, it was at Peterhof, the magnificent imperial palace near St. Petersburg, that she had first attracted the notice of the Czar Alexander II. It is said that on one occasion the princess, feeling fatigued after a promenade, sat down upon a bench in the park. But she had forgotten her parasol, and the sun incommoded her. Then the czar, like a gallant gentleman, placed himself before her and sheltered her with the shadow of his lofty figure.

"Are you now satisfied?" he asked, smilingly. "A great empire now protects you in my person against the fire of noonday."

"No, sire," replied the princess, "for now I have two suns before me, instead of one, which is too much for any mortal to bear."

Nevertheless it was not she, but her younger sister, who was finally destined to touch the sovereign's heart.

A growing jealousy between the sisters finally took such a shape that the two companion rivals finally came to blows.

The Czar himself witnessed in silence and on more than one occasion these scenes of violence in which the two Amazons fought in single combat.

In order to put an end to so serious an antagonism, which was even manifested in public, he married the elder sister to the general, whose rapid march to high fortune was assured by this union.

The new Czarina is now 34 years old. She is still one of the most beautiful women of the imperial court. She is reproached with being boundlessly ambitious, mercilessly vindictive, and devoid of all respect even for her lofty position. Many are the courtiers whose position was ruined through having incurred her displeasure.

Especially notable is the case of the Prince O——, who owes his disgrace to her. The princess had ordered a magnificent pocket-mirror, mounted in gold, and above which was fixed an imperial crown. Whenever she looked at herself in this mirror the crown appeared exactly as if encircling her brows. One day, while she was showing this mirror to the countess, who admired the magnificence of its workmanship, Prince O—— could not restrain himself from asking the princess whether the splendid object was not a present from her sister, wife of Gen. A——; for, if he were not greatly mistaken, he had seen in her possession just such a mirror when she was still a maid of honor.

Next day, by imperial order, Prince O—— was sent to Siberia to inspect the condition of the troops stationed near the Chinese frontier.

Dr. Karell, physician to the czar, also owed his disgrace to the princess.

The emperor, greatly worried and suffering, had made a voyage to Finland without the princess. He remained in that country about fifteen days. When he came back to St. Petersburg he felt much better and less nervous. He also looked a great deal better.

The emperor asked his private physician, Dr. Karell, what this remarkable amelioration was due to. Now, Karell is a German, of the government of Esthonia. A rough, blunt man, and rather uneducated, he was never distinguished for the delicacy of his observations.

"Why the cause is very simple, indeed," he said to the Czar.

"Come, now; what is it?"

"Your majesty is better simply because you left your lieutenant-in-petticoats behind you!"

The czar repeated this to the princess. A few days after Karell lost his office at the court.

Count Schouvaloff himself had some disagreeable experience of the beautiful favorite's resentment.

He had the agreeable but dangerous gift of making puns. And it was generally he who furnished the imperial court with its supply of puns.

So long as the princess was not punned upon, everything went along smoothly; but one day the count dared to make, to his own cost, a biting allusion to the hands of the Princess Dolgorouki, whose name in Russian signifies *Longhand*.

The high spirited princess determined that he should be punished at any cost, if only by way of making an example.

He was banished from the court where he wielded an immense influence, under pretext of sending him as ambassador to London, a post by no means to his liking.

He is now received into favor again; but he has never been able to regain the great position he formerly held.

Purchased Beauty.

A lady correspondent who has patronized the New York "bazar of beauty," an institution devoted to beautifying the female face and figure, says the result is simply this:—No woman can paint without detection. Devotees of fashion may just as well abandon the contrary opinion. I looked into the mirror on getting out of the chair, and hardly recognized myself. My face was greatly changed. My eyes shone, my cheeks glowed, and there was a brightness and piquancy that had not been there when I entered. But this, mind you, was in a somewhat dimly-lighted room, where the work was softened and shaded. Ten minutes afterward I met myself in a street-mirror, under the full glare of a noonday sun. Well, I was simply disgusted. The painted surface looked no more like human skin than it did like sole leather; the black around my eyes was like streaks of charcoal; my lips had the unnatural red of scarlet ink. I walked up to the glass and viewed my artificial countenance with a feeling of repulsion. It reminded me of some execrable portrait done in water colours. I hurried into a store and bought a veil, with which I covered the beautification. Then I went straightway home, and scrubbed my face until every trace of foreign substance was gone. My experience convinced me of the utter folly of paint as a beautifier, for by no possibility can it be put on without showing exactly what it is. Dry powder, and mighty little of that, is all that I advise any woman to put on her face. If nature has not imparted beauty of complexion, there is no use trying to make up the deficiency by artifice. It is far better to turn our ingenuity toward wearing our hair becomingly, for in that direction a great deal of comeliness may be commanded. But let pigments alone, unless you are content to be pretty in a ghastly kind of way, and at the sacrifice of all outward indications of warm flesh and blood."

A Frightful Mouse.

A short time since an elderly lady of this city startled the household with a piercing shriek and the information that there was a mouse in her pocket. Some one rushed to her rescue, hastily assisted her to divest herself of her wrapper, firmly grasping the mouth of the pocket to prevent the escape of the dangerous animal. The garment was then turned over to the man of the house, and he, armed with a club, proceeded to the back yard to dispatch the offender. The pocket was opened gradually, but no mouse appeared. Finally, gaining courage, he ventured to investigate, and found the cause of all the excitement to be a pocket tape measure, from which the spring had become detached and had unwound with a whirr.

Princess Louise's Tart.

The Princess Louise is a lady of much good taste, with a large fund of common sense. The supervision of her household affairs is upon the model characteristic of all well-appointed English households. A gentleman who has a weakness for apricot tart dined with her a short time before she left for England. To his delight, apricot tart was included in the menu, and he expressed his fondness for it.

"I am so glad you like it," replied the hostess; "because I made it myself. Let me give you the recipe," and with genial interest she detailed the ingredients. "Remember, when you get home, to tell Mrs. J——, that apricot tart should always have an upper crust."

Waifs.

SOME women are like shot-guns. They would attract no attention if it were not for their bangs.

THE new style of fall bonnet may be photographed by slamming a ripe tomato against a board fence.

AN old fellow now under the control of his fourth wife always alludes to the three departed ones as his "spare ribs."

"THAT fellow is just like a telescope," said a dashing New York girl. "You can draw him out, see through him, and shut him up again."

AN old lady who has several unmarried daughters feeds them on fish diet, because it is rich in phosphorus, and phosphorus is the essential thing in making matches.

THE young woman who had many suitors, and from the time she was 16 until she was 21 rejected them all, referred in her later life to that period as her "declining years."

A FRENCH writer translated "Frailty, thy name is woman," to read "Mlle. Frailty is the name of the lady." It is likely that he had the slender Bernhardt in his mind's eye.

DRAWING-ROOM episode: Affable Duchess, to amateur tenor, who has just been warbling M. Gounod's last—"Charming! charming! You must really get somebody to introduce you to me!"

MR. JAMES BOWEN, 71, and Miss Cassie Cassel, 68, were married in Washington the other day. Fifty years ago they were lovers, but the bride's parents broke up the engagement because they were too young.

A CERTAIN little damsel, being aggravated past endurance by her big brother, fell down upon her knees and cried: "O, Lord! bless my brother, Tom. He lies, he steals, he swears. All boys do; us girls don't. Amen."

AN actress has just finished dressing herself for her part, and is going on the stage, when her mother bursts upon her in tears with an open letter in her hand. "My dear child, do you know what has happened? Your sister is dead." "Oh, my, how can you say it—how can you say it just when I have made up my face, and can't cry? Why couldn't you have waited till after the third act?"

Fashion Notes.

DRIVING gloves made of a leopard's claw are a novelty.

THE lambrequin effect is much used in winter costumes.

THE newest turban for the little ones is called the Lorne.

THE genuine India shawl is the one wrap always in fa[shion].

HANDSOME tablecloths and napkins have gay borders and fringe.

FURNITURE effects are creeping into costumes and are much admired.

BROWN plush sacques are shown which look almost as rich as seal-skin.

LONG pins of jet, shell, or gold, and tiny Japanese fans are worn in the hair.

THE skirts of skating-suits are made of striped goods. Jerseys are worn with them.

RED, brown, and gendarme blue satin petticoats have appeared for winter wear.

MICA is now used in the soles of boots and shoes. A thin layer is placed under the insole.

WHITE men's cloth and camel's hair are made into evening dresses, trimmed with satin de Lyon.

THE fashionable bonnet is smaller than ever, without lace trimmings, and perched on the back of the head.

COLOURED diamonds, set side by side with perfectly white ones, are now the fashion for the costlier forms of jewellery.

MANY of the richest violet brocades have the flowers edged, ribbed, and veined with gold, jet, pearl, and iridescent beads.

SWANSDOWN is much used this season as a trimming for evening dresses, and for opera and ball wraps. It trims plush beautifully.

CRAPE tulle is the latest material manufactured for ball dresses. It is lighter than crape, and less transparent than tulle, and made in all colours.

THE latest style in mourning stationery consists of octavo-sized cards, scored so as to be folded in the centre, and bordered in heavy black lines.

SOME beautiful plush dresses have been seen this season, combined with faille in evening colours. They are exceedingly handsome on slight persons.

THE new style decollete is a revival of the old shape used when ladies wore what were called baby waists, the waists being cut straight across at the top.

INFANTAS of enamelled brass are superseding those of fire-gilt metal, the colour being found better and the work being much finer. The designs are usually classic.

BONNET-STRINGS are out of fashion, says a Paris correspondent. Gather ye roses while ye may, young ladies, and wear out the wide plush strings in which you look so well now.

A DRESSMAKER, who can make an exceedingly stylish dress and have the arrangements so intricate that it takes the lady who wears it about half an hour to find the pocket must needs be an artist.

THERE are twenty-two different shades in silk hosiery. Ladies who can not suit themselves out of the present assortment select black ones. The coloured cotton hosiery is as handsome in design as the silk.

ALL arrangements of lace and muslin to be worn around the neck are fashionable, and a handsome and a pretty lace fichu is all that is necessary to convert a rich street dress or afternoon costume into an evening toilet.

SMALL chemisettes of black silk lined with black wadded silk are made to be worn under jackets during the cold weather. They are fastened to the collar of the jacket by means of a ribbon and tied around the waist with a ribbon.

WHITE petticoats have been abandoned and the coloured balmorals are many pretty styles, cashmere and silk are the popular material, though plush is very popular. The silk skirts are generally lined with flannel and trimmed with lace.

SHRIMPS are now the favourite ornament of the ladies, pigs having had their day. Elephants are no longer admired. Shrimps now appear in pearl and gold, coral and ruby, as brooches, bracelets, necklaces, earrings, lockets, and shoe-buckles.

A GREAT deal of money may be spent on black dresses this season. Jet passementeries and fringes and coloured bead buttons, fringe and lace combine to make them elegant, but costly. They are trimmed more richly than coloured dresses.

The Priest and His Umbrella.

A reporter of the New York *Herald* tells the story of the effective work for Sunday closing done on a certain Sunday at Bergen Point, New Jersey, by a Catholic clergyman, Father Killeran, with the aid of his umbrella. In his account of an interview the reporter represents Father Killeran as saying of the saloon which he found open in violation of the law, and in which he spilled all the beer and whiskey on the premises:—"I won't have any Sunday skulking and getting drunk. They'd better make up their minds to that at once. I heard a lot of them in Pat Dillon's place last Sunday, and I went in. They didn't expect me, and were having what they considered a fine time. I had a better one, though. You should have seen their coat-tails trying to sweep the flies off the ceiling the minute they clapped eyes on me. I only had an umbrella. I have a blackthorn at home—a beauty! It'll make four lumps on a head for every one that is on the stick. I never thought much of that umbrella before last Sunday, but I wouldn't part with it now for a house. It served me valiantly. Well, when we got through we were thoroughly satisfied with each other—the umbrella and myself—and we went home to dinner. I made a complaint next morning, and I had Pat Dillon fined. I'll serve the others the same way. I won't make fish of one and flesh of another. They'll have to stop this business, every one of them. In the future I am going the rounds regularly, like a policeman, and the fellows I catch had better look out for themselves. Most of these lazy loafers would rather sit down and sell whisky than do an honest day's work. I'll try to keep them in mind of whose day the Sabbath is."

DR. PUSEY has declared that in his judgment, however it may be in the final judgment, London is one of the largest heathen cities in the world.

Journalism in England.

As a factor in politics, journalism is admitted in the present day, to be of almost incalculable importance. It is absolutely unnecessary to give reasons for the fact, for they are patent to all. It is not possible for us to conceive of a party without its organ, inspired and directed in its utterances by the moving master spirit which rules more or less absolutely every party; nor can we imagine such an organ without its attendant train of supporters, each echoing more or less clearly the utterances of "the great gun" to those whose ear it reaches, and whose political opinions it sways.

In no country, perhaps, more than in Great Britain does the press bear a sway, equal to, if not actually greater than the legislative body itself. "The Fourth Estate" as it has been called, might without exaggeration, if influence be taken as the test of precedence, rank as "the first," for neither the Sovereign nor the House of Lords, can for a moment be compared in respect to the power of swaying public opinion with the press. The House of Commons, even, owes, not its existence indeed, but most certainly its composition to a very marked extent to the influence of the press. Specifying such as influences to such a great degree, the politics both of this country and the United States has had its day in Great Britain, the the reason being that the press has so developed, the energetic push in journalism is so marked, that there is really no room for the political oratory of the "stump" species that is adopted where the sphere of influence of the journalist is more circumscribed. A greater audience, for one thing, is commanded by the man who speaks through the columns of the paper than by him who meets an assemblage in any given local place, and, for another, it is far easier for a man to arrange his thoughts and array his arguments in the retirement of his study than when nervously facing a composite assemblage.

There is, however, one marked feature that characterizes the influence of journalism in the mother-country that only requires time to develop itself here, and, indeed, in every colony, and that is the power exercised in politics by the provincial press. On more than one occasion in the recent political history of England the country papers have not only shown greater judgment in forecasting the result of elections, but have contributed in a very much greater extent than the metropolitan journals to the bringing about of that result. We are accustomed here to think almost exclusively of the power of the great leading London dailies as giving utterance to the dicta of the two political parties, but the idea is a mistaken one. Beyond question they are ably conducted, and there is a degree of enterprise shown by them that is certainly not surpassed by any other journals in the world; but it would astonish some of our readers if we were to tell them that the provincial papers exhibit a degree of enterprise which is not one whit behind the metropolitan journals themselves. Of course the figures representing the circulation of the latter are astounding. For example; the *Times* has a daily circulation of 100,000, the *Daily News* 170,000, and the *Daily Telegraph* the almost incredible number of 250,000. But we must take into account alongside of these statements, such facts as the following:

The circulation of the *Newcastle Chronicle* is 40,000 a day, while the *Edinburgh Scotsman*, the *Glasgow News*, the *Manchester Guardian*, the *Leeds Mercury*, and the *Dublin Freeman's Journal* have a still larger circulation. It is worth noting that seven daily newspapers are supported in Liverpool, five in Manchester, four in Birmingham, three in Glasgow, six in Belfast, and five in Dublin.

The first-rate provincial newspapers are little behind the best of the London journals in respect of enterprise. Most of these have their special wires, together with a reporting staff in London for the collection of information. It is computed that the outlay entailed by a special wire, including the pay of the special employees requisite, does not fall far short of $10,000 a year. Moreover, a daily paper cannot gain a place in the front rank of the provincial press without obtaining all of Reuter's telegrams, which, to members of the Press Association, cost $1470, and to outsiders $1617, per annum. Moreover, in a large shipping and manufacturing town, such as Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, Birmingham, or Sheffield, it is necessary to contract also for daily telegraphed reports of New York prices. Reuter's telegrams, indeed, form but a small part of the metropolitan news bought by the leading provincial journals through the Press Association. Parliamentary news, either fully or briefly reported, and general news, summarized from the daily papers, in London, or collected in all parts of the kingdom by the agents of the association, form components of the mass of matter regularly forwarded. London correspondence is not supplied by the Press Association, but each of the chief provincial journals maintains for this specific purpose at least one member of its editorial staff in the metropolis. The London correspondence of the *Manchester Guardian* is an example of the best work done in this direction, and it not unfrequently anticipates much that appears in the London press. The *Western Morning News*, printed at Plymouth, has also been noted for its London correspondence, a great quantity of which appears every day. The *Newcastle Chronicle*, to which we referred above, maintains two London offices, one as the headquarters of its special telegraphic wire, the other as a city office for commercial intelligence. The *Scotsman* and *Glasgow News* are both printed on Walter presses, like those used in the *Times* office, and the second journal has two private wires to London, besides special arrangements with the railway companies.

It will thus be seen how great the energy is that has been expended on the provincial press of Great Britain, and how great must be the influence exerted by it. The day is coming, when here, also, the provincial paper will rise to the exercise of a similar influence, and then the day of "organs of party" in the metropolis will be, comparatively speaking, past. That day will be when, along with the growing prosperity and development of the country, newspaper enterprise will grow, until it asserts itself here as in Great Britain, and other old countries, where it is not gagged, claiming to be recognized not only as a means of instructing the people, but as a very powerful element in their Government.

THE directors of the Glasgow Bank, who partially expiated their offences by undergoing an entirely inadequate sentence of imprisonment, do not appear to be utterly broken-hearted by that humiliating experience. One of them, who seems to have saved something from the wreck, has sufficient sense of the beautiful remaining, like Peter B. Sweeney, to have made his exile pleasant, and has purchased an estate picturesquely situated near Lake Lucerne, where he intends to end his days in contentment and peace.

THE bachelor world of Paris is interested in the expected arrival of a Mexican nabob, Mr. Ishibangue, this month. He was born in the Eastern country, began life as a cabin boy, and has made millions in the diamond trade. He takes with him his daughters.

The Fortune Bay Business.

This matter has been for a long time a gigantic muzzle between the Home Government and the United States. It arose out of a matter of distinct trespass, committed by the U. S. fishermen in the matter of inshore fishing in Fortune Bay. The fishermen in question, hailed from Gloucester, Providence, and they, in most unequivocal contravention of treaty stipulations, encroached on the rights of the Fortune Bay fishermen, adding the additional offence of conducting their already illegal operations on the Sunday. The local fishermen were naturally exasperated at such an open defiance of all law, human and divine, and in the absence of other and more legitimate remedies, took the matter into their own hands and thoroughly well trounced the offending Yankees. The bald-headed eagle immediately, as its custom is, sought a satisfaction in its usual manner—viz: by demanding compensation, presumably on the same scale, and according to the same ratio as the famous Alabama claims.

After a good deal of diplomatic intercourse between the two Governments, Earl Granville has at length given "no uncertain sound" on the question. The effect of his reply is, not the repudiation of compensation, but merely a pronounced insistence on the rights that were traversed by the Americans. He admits that the Fortune Bay fishermen were in the wrong, inasmuch as their proceedings took the form of mob-law, a legislative phenomenon that is known in the more western portions of the United States as, (in its extreme form) Lynch Law. He does not deny the right of the Gloucester fishermen to claim compensation, although the injury for which they seek reparation was incurred while they were engaged in an act that was beyond all question illegal!

Now this seems to us a very peculiar form of justice. Suppose the same principle to be applied to the case of any other infractor of the laws, a burglar, for example. Suppose he was shot in the act of breaking into your house or mine, and got winged by the shot. Would he be entitled to bring an action for the recovery of compensation for such injury? Surely not. Why then should those "poachers,"—for they were nothing else—be compensated for the injuries received in their forcible expulsion from a place, where they had not the shadow of a right to exercise their calling? There is not only an element of feebleness in Lord Granville's reply, but an actual ignoring of the principles of justice, that is hardly creditable to the Government of which he is so prominent a member, or to the reputation for a love of fair play, which the nation he represents enjoys. Canadians may well "cry out" (as the London *Times* puts it) for they are hurt, and most unjustly dealt with in this matter.

For, after all, it is a pertinent query in the circumstances to ask whether the Fortune Bay "rioters" were altogether in the wrong in this matter? We venture to say that, so far from being in the fault they were absolutely justified by the circumstances in the course they adopted. If they had left the matter, according to the legitimate and legal course in the hands of the authorities, what would have been the result? Simply that the Yankees would have completed their illegal fishing absolutely undisturbed, and gone off chuckling in their sleeves at the way in which they had "euchred" the poor Kanucks. There is an old adage which says that "desperate diseases need desperate cures," and this is a case in point. The Yankees have had the laugh turned against them by the energy and promptitude of the Fortune Bay men, and no man likes a position of that kind less than Uncle Sam. Hence the remonstrances of Secretary Evarts and the threats he fulminated of imposing duties on Canadian fish and fish oil as a measure of retaliation. Earl Granville, in a spirit that is thoroughly "John Bullish," makes concessions, in response, that are alike unjust to Canada and unworthy of England. Let Secretary Evarts and the nation of the Stars and Stripes put on their duties on Canadian fish and fish oil. The market of the world is open to Canada, and the time is past when she had to depend on her overgrown neighbour for such favours as that which is threatened to be withheld, and the sooner the Government of the mother country comes to recognize this fact the better both for her and for Canada.

The President Elect.

Of course everybody is curious about the home life of the President-elect. The Cincinnati *Enquirer*, which is not a Republican paper, says that "he generally rises from seven to half-past, and breakfasts *en famille* at about eight. After breakfast the morning mails are opened, the newspapers are hastily scanned for telegraphic news, and important matters receive attention, the General retiring with his secretary and short-hand amanuensis to his private office, or 'snuggery,' for the purpose. After that, if the morning trains from the East or Cleveland bring visitors, the General receives and entertains them. Dinner is the same as breakfast with regard to instruction and amusement, it making no difference whether the visitors who partake of it are high or low, Senators or soldiers, grand or simple. 'The afternoon,'" says his friend Major Swaim, "'usually brings more visitors and mails. After supper the General devotes considerable time to the thorough perusal of the New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and other leading papers. There are always telegrams and letters by the dozen to answer. General Garfield has two short-hand men as secretaries, and he dictates his replies to letters and telegrams to them. This enables him to do a great deal of corresponding work in a short time. Of course very important and particularly private letters are written by myself or the General in person. Every one is free to go to church or stay at home, to pray or to let it alone as he pleases. There is but one autocrat in this house, and that is the General's mother, and she has too much good sense to interfere in such matters. There is one thing I forgot to mention, and that is that at meals or the family reunions we sometimes get the General deeply interested in some theme, and get him to talking about it. You know he is a brilliant conversationalist, and these talks often almost take the shape of lectures. They are very interesting and wonderfully instructive, for the General's mind is a vast store-house of knowledge. He has a wonderful pigeon-hole memory. He can devour a book in an hour or so, retain the cream of its contents, and tell you all about it in the most entertaining manner years afterward. He is very fond of ruling by moral suasion, and he governs his family accordingly. His children are very fond of him, and look upon him as their bosom-friend as well as parent. His boys will come to him when home, and talk and counsel with him about their books and studies, or their plays or other occupations, just as freely as they do with each other. The result is that they are all manly and frank in their demeanor, partaking much of his character in this respect.'"

THE *British Quarterly* makes the remarkable statement that the number of recorded deaths from starvation, during the East Indian famine, actually fell below that of ordinary years. During the worst of the crisis more than [illegible] people were saved from starvation at the cost of about [illegible] to the State.

GENERAL.

THOUGH the people can believe seriously in the possibility of tunnelling under the sea for a railway from England to France, the Southeastern Railway Company in England have been boring away for several weeks at Dover. They are now tunnelling a gallery under the sea through the chalk beds, and the work is to be continued in a year.

MONS DE LESSEPS read a paper some time ago before the French Academy, stating that he believed he had discovered the actual place where the Israelites crossed the Red Sea. A French priest, thinking his arguments conclusive, is appealing for funds for dredging purposes, in order to bring to light any remains of Pharaoh's army which may be under the mud.

A BOY ate a bar of soap on a wager, and then drank a lot of soda to take the taste out of his mouth, and the way he spouted suds and soap bubbles for the next half hour baffled the skill of fourteen doctors, who madly performed about him, not having been informed of the cause of the lad's suffering. They are all at loggerheads now about what to call the case.

AN invention which will considerably influence architecture and sculpture has just been made by Dr. Gehring, at Landshut, in Bavaria. Dr. Gehring, by means of enamelling liquid, renders any kind of stone or cement harder than granite, and gives it absolute and indelible appearance of any other mineral that may be desired. The enamel may also be applied to metal, which it is said to completely protect from rust.

THE Czar has to go, it appears, into retirement to Livadia. "Solitude with one sweet companion," the Dolgorouki, to wit, is to be his chosen portion henceforth and the Czarewitch, aided by a council, is to assume the cares of state. Alexander Romanoff cannot be congratulated on the way he has closed a reign that opened not unauspiciously, with the close of the Crimean war, and the liberation of the serfs.

SOME bunko swindlers at Cincinnati put a green farmer through the usual process of meeting a forgotten acquaintance, who had drawn a prize in a lottery; of going with this "sucker" to the den of the rascals, and being there induced to invest $50 in the bunko game. But at the point where he was expected to retire a quiet loser he drew a revolver, and declared, with many rural oaths, that he would have his money back or take away life in the place. He got his money.

THIRTY-FIVE years ago when Capt. Sacs made Moundsville, W. Va., his home, he planted two seeds, informing his family that he would like to raise wood for his coffin. Only one seed sprouted, and in the course of thirty years became a fine tree. During a severe wind storm eighteen months ago the tree fell. It was sent to a Pittsburg firm to be cut into lumber, and in due time returned to the Captain in the shape of a handsome coffin; and now, to complete the story, its owner has just been buried in it.

LIONS roar most in stormy weather. It was observed that when a large menagerie wintered two years ago at a place where about that time snow fell nearly every day, the lions were constantly roaring, for as soon as one began the rest all followed suit. Some years ago there was a large menagerie exhibiting at South Shields (England) market-place, and during evening service in a neighbouring church the lions threw out their deep sonorous tones, and this mingling with the chanting of the psalms and the tones of the organ had a remarkable effect.

DR. SCHWEINFURTH, the Soudan traveller, has published at Vienna a letter, just received from Cairo, which stigmatizes in strong terms the recent increase in the Egyptian slave trade. The resumption of the traffic dates from the deposition of the ex-Khedive and the retirement of Sir Samuel Baker; but it has increased more especially since Col. Gordon has left. In spite of the English and French Consulates, there is every week a wholesale importation of little negro children into Jeddah, and there is no prospect of this lucrative traffic soon coming to an end.

AN English gentleman was recently convicted and sentenced to one year's imprisonment for perjury in swearing that he committed a certain theft of which his son was charged in order to save his boy. Half the sentence was afterward remitted on the facts being presented to the Home Secretary. The contrast between this father and the Indiana man who had his daughter thrown into jail, from which she was brought forth a corpse, for forging his name to a check for $300, is striking. If there is any dispute as to which of the two is the more worthy of heaven it might be settled by reference to Bob Ingersoll.

IT is many years since either party in England has had the benefit of a political salon. The Duchess of Manchester has established herself in London for the winter, and intends to make her house the focus of politics and the place where distinguished men of all shades of politics can meet and talk over the events. She possesses all the qualities necessary for successfully carrying out this idea. The campaign was recently inaugurated by a dinner, at which Lord Beaconsfield, Lord Hartington, Lord Dufferin, and Lord Odo Russel met, and were joined in the evening by a few choice political spirits, including the Secretary for Ireland.

The state of Ireland is becoming worse and worse. Her best friends must bewail the terrible state of anarchy into which she is rapidly drifting. Parnell and the Land League are, at best, but a poor substitute for the imperial rule, and it is much to be regretted that dreamers like Bright and Chamberlain should, by their ill-judged pacific disposition, not only delay the pacification of troubled Ireland and the passing of remedial measures, but also seriously imperil the stability of the only ministry that is likely to do "justice to Ireland." If the result of their opposition to energetic measures for the preservation of peace be (as it is not unlikely to be), the overthrow of the Gladstone ministry and the recall of a Beaconsfield ministry into power, the upshot will most certainly be the very coercive measures that they are endeavouring to stave off. The imperial policy of the author of Endymion will not spare a little blood-letting, for the sake of conciliating sentimentalists of the Radical-Quaker type. This much is certain.

A Big Game.

Apropos of gambling, says a Paris correspondent, some of my readers may remember the story which I told of a monster game of cards at St. Petersburg, where the czar annulled Count Stroganoff's immense winning of eight millions. I have just heard of another, somewhat similar, of which a French lady of high standing, recently deceased at Tours, was the heroine. The Countess de X. was an inveterate card-player, whose skill at every game was proverbial; the Princess Y. is a Russian, an inveterate gambler. They met once on their travels, and the princess, anxious to try the strength of the French champion, sent up her card, accompanied by a request that she would try a game at piquet. Mme. de X. assented; they began after dinner, and when the sun rose next morning the Muscovite had lost more money than all her mines in the Ural had produced during a quarter of a century. "I do not think, countess," she said, after losing her last stake, which was for some fabulous sum, "that all my fortune will suffice to pay my debt, but I shall send you my overseer, who will hand over all my title-deeds, and arrange as far as possible." "Very well, madame," replied the French lady; "but I will not consent to be outdone in courtesy by one of the most charming adversaries whom I have ever met. I have won, so be it! But I shall send for a priest and a notary. Before the priest you must swear never to touch another card during your life; before the notary you will sign an act [illegible] me an annuity of [illegible] francs." The princess consented; she has never played since, while the countess disposed to the poor of her annuity, which she used [illegible] to call the "ransom of the queen of clubs."

The Iron Duke.

"CHARACTERISTIC TRAITS OF THE WORK OF WELLINGTON."

Lord Grey, who spent the Sevres of his manhood in unwilling retirement, has just sent up a volume of the great duke's despatches. After perusing many pages, he said, in answer to a question, he was "filled to the brim" with admiration for the greatness of the man who was dead. Words were uttered in a tone of deliberate conviction; but one doubts whether many thoughtful persons would ratify such a judgment. Perhaps the Greats is the one testament of sympathetic union between Wellington and his officers. After his elevation to the premiership he was commonly spoken of in camp as "the Pope," partly, no doubt, to distinguish him from certain lords who were not peers. A glimpse of this subject I remember in my youth talking to an old Spanish priest who was quite enthusiastic in his admiration of "el gran lord," whom he well remembered in Madrid when he considered the greatest of all the English. Not one of the French generals was worthy to tie the latchet of his shoes, and thought the Padre. The severity with which the duke put down plunderers was considered altogether extraordinary in this priest, who had liberal ideas to boil of the soldiers of Massena and Marmont. Light and shade, however, must be equally thrown into every picture; and there is an ugly little story of one of those Peninsular campaigns which she can never forget; it is of a soldier who acted as the duke's servant, and who was one day employed in "brushing up hessians to make a mess for Lord Wellington's hounds"—the poor fellow very much longing to eat some of the biscuit himself. "But no man gets unto him," humbly was a reply intimes for this combination of a starving soldier and well-fed hessian.

The part of Wellington's life which has been the most conveyed is his civil service; outwardly as I think. He no doubt considered grave faults; but he was honest and courageous to a degree. A curious instance of the latter quality may be seen in his conversation with George IV., who conceived that his "honor" forbade him to accept Canning as a minister. "I can't Arthur, I can't as a gentleman—as I"—"Your majesty is not a gentleman," replied the duke to the startled king, and proceeded to explain to him that a sovereign was not a gentleman, because something more. The king gave way. On a subsequent occasion the duke showed equal courage but more tact. George IV., as is well known labored under the hallucination that he had been present at Waterloo. One day, at a state banquet, he made this amazing statement, and appealed to the duke for confirmation. "Your majesty has often told me so," replied Wellington. I need not that the duke's opinion of George IV., was on the whole a favourable one." He exhibited him as an astounding jumble of conflicting qualities, in which, however, the good decidedly predominated over the bad. "The king was a very kind-hearted man."

The duke cared little to talk of his campaigns, at least to civilians. He was not the man to "fight all his battles again" for the benefit of a mixed audience. A foolish lady once asked him to "give her an account of the battle of Waterloo." There is nothing, ma'am, madame," he answered, "the French pounded us, and we pounded the French, and I suppose we pounded the hardest, for they ran." He was never much of a reader, and seemed (in his later years at all events) to know the bible better than any other book. When at home he usually went regularly every morning to the Chapel Royal at St. James's.

Speaking of his habits, I may mention a curious one—by no means recommendable, as a rule, to persons wishing to prolong their lives—that the duke lived to 83. After dinner, about the time when other persons would take tea, he had a couple of tumblers full of iced water brought him; and these he would insist before going to bed. For the rest he was not a whale in point of size of a gourmand. At one time he took a very light breakfast (tea and roll, or tea and toast; and nothing more till as 8 o'clock dinner. A French paper sometimes ventured to assert that the great duke had died of a surfeit of apple pudding. "Qualle mort peu glorieuse! it added. As a matter of fact, I have heard that this homely dish was the last but one beneath of on earth. He really died of an affection of the air.

He was very hospitable, especially at Walmer, but had his own notions on the subject of equality. Thus he had once asked Lord Grey to come down (in a professional capacity) to entertain some illustrious guests whom he was expecting. On Grist's arrival the duke was very civil to the lady, and asked her, among other questions as to what hour she would like to dine. Grist replied with her most gracious smile, that his grace's hour, whatever it might be, would suit her. The duke bowed, and the prism down became his guest; but he had not at all intended it. And yet he once asked a clock-maker who had come to repair the clocks at Walmer to dine, though this invitation, too, is believed to have originated in a mistake. The duke himself was the head of a famous firm had arrived in person to do the work; and issued the invitation accordingly. It was however a mere matter as who had been sent, and the the duke was too good natured not to make a gentleman to withdraw it when he learned the fact. "He is a man of science," quoth Wellington, and that was enough for him. It was a high honour—for which my human being, I suppose, would have almost begged—to dine at Lord Grey's—excepting the epicurean Lord Sefton. That nobleman had a very poor opinion of the duke's table, and once asked to dine—to one of those exquisite little banquets at which he is never happy—he gave Lord Sefton was much piqued at the duke's evident want of appreciation of his cook's triumphs; and at length after couple after couple past and retire from the visitation, Wellington, who had learned that it seemed excellent, but that, for his part, he never paid any attention to what he ate. "Why," said Lord S., with an oath, to a friend by whom he told the story, "did he come and dine with me then?" And certainly Duke Wellington showed a want of good taste in many matters than one on the occasion.

The duke was not easily annoyed "even of science"—like "lawyers," who seemed to him to be possessed of the devil to worry his town rooms. He looked upon them pretty much as a king of the twelfth century would upon a "clerk" who "did not could do a sum in the rule of three. His opinion of lawyers, he declared, was "improved" for the learning that was in him." On one occasion he ventured to "spar" with the chancellor in the House. "My lord," he said, "you will be remembered in history, not for your efforts in abolishing slavery, or reforming, or the law, or changing our constitution,—but simply from giving your name to a new style of carriage. "And your grace will not be remembered for Waterloo or Victoria, or Waterloo, but for a new style of boot." "I—I—the boot, I had forgotten them," naively replied Wellington.

Wellington had not, by the way, that lofting bearing which is supposed to be inseparably associated to him. He quite understood and respected the motives of self-interest in others. "Now, Graham," the former, at all events, however well-meaning, were imperfect motives for any man to be constantly carried on." Graham was a man of

The Magic Lamp.

BY FAITH DUNDERDEE.

SOCIAL DUTY OF THE UNDERSIGNED AUTHOR AND CRITIC.

Kant and Sod's Opera House.

A BOSHERVILLE'S GLIMPSE OF KIRSEY PERSONALITY.

The Naughty Hostess.

AN AMERICAN LADY'S VISIT TO A "HAUTCH" IN INDIA, AND WHAT SHE SAW.

LAUGH A LITTLE

WOMAN'S opinion, straight it is best to remain silent, is more than a match for a man.

A SALVATION chap once preached on the subject: "Why was Lazarus a hog." We suppose because he didn't attention.

A SMALL boy declined to eat soup at dinner, the other day, on the ground that he "hadn't teeth that were little enough for soup."

WHEN you can tell an old maid a "matchless woman," she doesn't know whether to smile sweetly in acknowledgment or to knock you down for an insult.

We see an article in the papers about how to overcome sea sickness. We always think it's over when it wrinkle through his fingers and pull on the streets at night.

PATSEY comes to the morgue to claim a lost relative. "Has he any peculiarity by which he can be recognized?" asks the coroner. "Yes, he is dumb."

"MY moment shall stand on dese three posts," said a colonized preacher not many minutes ago: "1, the commandments; 2, the mitzvah; and, 3, the sermon."

"OH, dear!" exclaimed Penserosa, "I wish I could excel in something! I do believe if I should kill a man it wouldn't be considered anything remarkable." And she looked very much vexed.

A SARGENT, young Caryphan, recently rose to prominence for the first time, announced that he had "a few remarks." And she looked very much vexed, and Peter went out and cried bitterly.

"WHAT decoration is that you are wearing?" said an American newspaper man to a new acquaintance. "It's the sash I got the other night." It is a round our own wore at the Lansdowne."

Hiss is, ye hospeckled [illegible] devotees but me, who has in all her own way, says that is the best thing to do in the dead consists of three-quarters wife and one-quarter husband.

At the drill of the reservists a soldier in the ranks spoke. "Give that fellow four days in the guard-house," cries the sergeant. "I have been there," replied the soldier, "for I am not in a parlor here."

IT is true that sound reached batties make the most noise in emitting their contents, and from none of the most another theatre's can produce more noise which little sensation and make prime dense.

A CANADA is "Le Chevrier": "Reverend the Italian sitting on the Dubuque shoe-fishing and saying, with reference to the fair of the season: "It might to go away; it scares the fish."

The editor wrote "An evening with nature," and it came out in the paper "An evening with Satan." It was mighty rough, but the foreman said it was the truest of the "devil," and it looked that way.

"I say, ma," exclaimed a little man of 13, "do you know what the proprietor of a menagerie is here trying to buy?" "Common grocers me, no!" I never heard of such a thing." "Well, ma, it's a rat-tail."

NEVER say that you have heard before what your friend has evidently taken great pleasure in telling you. His delight at finding you equally well informed with himself may not be so great as you had imagined.

You ask, where are the birds?
When Winter draweth nigh?
Why, that is always taken,
They go to Spain or Italy.

That is if made of tyre.

A VILLAGE pedagogue, on dropper with a staged the question: "Now, boys, what is behind his back?" "Yes, sir, behind his back is a—" I don't know by sight, but hang me if I can remember his name."

FRIGHTY lady—"But what am I to do? I can't ride with my back to the engine." Conductor—"Better speak to the conductor. He'll turn them twin round to oblige you."

"I say, Chan," cried two disputing darkies, appealing for decision to a subtle umpire, "what word is right—directly or directly?" The subtle umpire replied from a cozy bed, then, with a look of wisdom, said: "I can't tell you just now."

MISPLACED charity: On coming out of church Gen. Sir Talbot de la Pure bangs—it is said—a penny in the hand of a little decrepit old man that he forgets to put on his hat, and Lazy Jones, who is rather near-sighted, drops a penny into it.

"GIVE us the hand that will never desert," said a Cleveland orator at a meeting of the sons of some young Indian the other evening. A young lady who had heard of the remark, a young lady who had heard of the remark, a young lady who had heard of the remark, a

JOCULARITIES.

A charming a young girl in Bellaire,
Was in trouble about her frizzed hair;
If arranged in a bang
It never would hang
At all straight, but waived wild in the air.

So she heated an iron red hot,
And went in for a frizz on the spot.
She will never look cute,
But by purchasing jute
Is as likely to fool folks as not.

Those who indulge in sardonic laughter are not necessarily sardines.

A man's boots may be tight while he is perfectly sober.

A man never knows the exact length of his thumb until he jams the end of it.

Wives of great men oft remind us
We may make our wives sublime,
Forty dollars for a bonnet
Knocks a check-book out of time.

Free of charge—an empty gun.

What is the best way for horses to pull together?—Why, for each one to try to pull a part, of course.

The man who boasts of the thirty pound salmon that he caught does not invite you to dinner. He has other fish to fry.

A subtle suspicion has crept into a great many breasts that Mr. Edison is holding back his electric light for the illumination of the millennium.

Mr. Sankey asks: "Oh, where are the Nine?" Oh, they are bandaging their sick thumbs and poulticing their lame eyes for next summer's campaign.

"Was," asked a Sunday school teacher of a little boy, "did Jacob marry the two daughters of Laban?" "I dunno, except perhaps he was satisfied with one mother-in-law."

A boy is never so happy as when the family is moving and he can walk through the streets to the new house wearing a chair on his head. That's the only way most boys can sit on a chair.

A wild beast lies in wait for his prey, and a grocer lies in weight for—but hold on; let's put it in this way: Why is a grocer like a wild—or, rather, why is a—somehow, we can't get on to this just right.

A Cleveland boy was asked by his teacher if he did not "want to be an angel and with the angels stand." Said the boy: "I would rather stand here until after Christmas, and see if Santa Claus does not bring me a top and a new sled."

The late Rev. Dr. Symington, not feeling well one Sunday morning, said to his beadle who was a "character:" "Man Robert, I wish you would preach for me to-day." "I canna do that," promptly replied Robert; "but I often pray for you."

A cute little 5-year-old, whose parents were connected with the Presbyterian church, said: "Mamma, was Christ a Jew?" "Yes, dear," replied the mother. "Well, that's strange, now, isn't it, mamma, when his father, God, was a Presbyterian?"

A bright little girl, not long since, was urging her mother to go up stairs and hear her say her prayers before retiring. Her mother, not finding it convenient, told her that Jesus could hear it just as well. "But mother," replied the little doubter, "Jesus can't turn off the gas."

"We don't want all this, we don't want it!" said a solicitor the other day to a voluble old lady in the witness-box. "It is irrelevant." But the witness paid no heed, and talked on, finishing with, "There, you've got it, whether you want it or not; and it isn't irreverent either."

A few thoughts in church: "This sermon is a bore." "How much longer will he preach?" "That man isn't at all bad looking." "I wonder if Emma is engaged." "Well, if old Mrs. Foo Foo isn't wearing a turban, too." "I wonder how much that bonnet cost." "It sounds as if he was going to close up the sermon." "I do wish that the Bernhardt season had commenced." "I've a great mind to have it trimmed with scarlet." "I must order a new pair of shoes to-morrow and the material for that wrapper, and visit Mme. X.'s to try on that dress." "There's Ed. Cochunk we saw in Newport last summer." "How that girl does lace!" "Amen! My! isn't it nice to get out."

An old lady of his flock once called upon Dr. Gill with a grievance. The doctor's neck-bands were too long for her ideas of ministerial humility, and after a long harangue on the sin of pride, she intimated that she had brought her scissors with her, and would be pleased if her dear pastor would allow her to clip them down to her notions of propriety. The doctor not only listened patiently to her lecture, but handed her over the offending white bands for her to operate upon. When she had cut them to her satisfaction and returned the bits it was the doctor's turn. "Now," said he, "my good sister, you must do me a good turn also." "Yes, that I will, doctor; what can it be?" "Well, you have something about you which is a deal too long and causes me no end of trouble, and I should like to see it shorter." "Indeed, dear sir, I will not hesitate; what is it? Here are the scissors, use them as you please." "Come, then," said the sturdy divine, "good sister, put out your tongue."

A vessel from America was at one time off the coast of Ireland in a heavy storm. She hoisted the signal for a pilot, and in the course of a couple of hours a rough man made his appearance, saying in very broken English that he could take the vessel into the harbor. The captain had his doubts as to the nautical lore of the pilot, and asked him if he could box the compass. Poor Pat knew only in a general sort of way that there was a certain jingle in boxing the compass and that if he began the work in English he would get the northwest and northeast by north, and west southwest inextricably mixed, so he told the Captain he could do it in Irish, and began in the unknown tongue: "My grandmother, my great grandmother, my great grandmother's mother, my mother; my mother's father, my grandmother's father, my great grandmother's father, my father." At this point the captain declared himself perfectly satisfied, and the ship was delivered into the pilotage of Pat, who carried her in with perfect safety.

Poison Rings.

Poison rings still exist, says a London paper, in many antiquarian collections. They are generally of two kinds, one intended as an engine of destruction to its wearer, the other simply as a convenient receptacle or hiding place for poison. Some years ago a ring of the former description was purchased at a sale of curiosities. Its device was two sharp-pointed claws holding a stone. The purchaser, slipping it on his finger, received a slight scratch from these claws, the points of which bent inward. His hand and arm very shortly became swelled and painful; a doctor was sent for, who pronounced the slight scratch poisoned. Examination of the ring showed that the claws were hollow, and that a poisonous matter had been contained in them, doubtless when first made the ring would have caused death, instead of merely inconvenience to its [illegible].

Rings intended to contain poison are frequently mentioned in ancient history; it [illegible] a convenient [illegible] a ring Demosthenes [illegible] himself, and some [illegible] likewise. M. [illegible] the temple of the [illegible] on a [illegible] the gold de[illegible] receptacle of [illegible] fell dead on the [illegible] is said to [illegible] poison rings [illegible].

A [illegible] of the [illegible] have appeared in Constantinople.

A FEW SUPERSTITIONS

How Certain Little Occurrences in Every-Day Life are Regarded.

Persons Who are Induced by "Omens" to Do Foolish Things.

(From the Philadelphia Times.)

Walking down Chestnut street recently in a pouring rain a handsomely dressed lady was seen to stop suddenly, and, stooping on the wet pavement, pick up carefully a common pin.

Accidents sometimes occur to the feminine toilet which render a pin, for the instant, one of the most valuable of possessions, and the natural supposition was that such a one had befallen the lady in question. But no, she merely dropped the pin into her purse and quietly went her way, while we recalled the rhyme from Mother Goose, more thrifty than poetic:

See a pin and pick it up,
All the day you'll have good luck;
See a pin and let it lay,
Bad luck you'll have all day.

The superstition is a common one, shared by all classes, and doubtless originated in past ages, when pins were scarce and valuable. We often hear it quoted as an instance of Stephen Girard's economy that he was never known to pass a pin without picking it up, but the question is an open one whether the fact was due to motives of thrift or simply to the old superstition.

This is the season of building, and it is curious to observe how, when a ladder is erected against a wall, many persons, in fact the majority of passers-by, go round it, out into the street, rather than pass under, although danger to life or limb from so doing there is absolutely none. And of those who sturdily walk under probably more than one remembers uncomfortably the ill luck which is said to attend the act.

The evil repute which attaches to Friday is well-nigh world-wide. Among sailors the prejudice against this day is especially prevalent.

In order to disprove and counteract it in some measure a wealthy English ship-builder once built a vessel which was begun on Friday, finished on Friday, christened "The Friday," and launched on Friday. It was with much difficulty that men were found to man her, but, tempted by high wages, a crew was at last obtained and she set sail on Friday. Unfortunately for the success of the experiment, she was never heard of again.

SUPERSTITIONS ABOUT DAYS.

Besides the prominence which Friday has attained, every day of the week has its superstitions attached and is of good or evil omen. With most of them the reader is probably familiar, yet an article of this kind would hardly be complete without some enumeration of the most common:

Sunday's child ne'er lacks in place;
Monday's child is fair in the face;
Tuesday's child is full of grace;
Wednesday's child is sour and sad;
Thursday's child is loving and glad;
Friday's child is loving and giving;
And Saturday's child shall work for its living.

Sneeze on a Monday you sneeze for danger;
Sneeze on a Tuesday you kiss a stranger;
Sneeze on a Wednesday you sneeze for a letter;
Sneeze on a Thursday for something better;
Sneeze on a Friday you sneeze to your sorrow;
Sneeze on a Saturday your sweetheart to-morrow;
Sneeze on a Sunday, your safety seek,
The devil will chase you the whole of the week.

Cut your nails Monday you cut them for news;
Cut them on Tuesday a pair of new shoes;
Cut them on Wednesday you cut them for health;
Cut them on Thursday 'twill add to your wealth;
Cut them on Friday you cut them for woe;
Cut them on Saturday a journey you'll go;
Cut them on Sunday you cut them for evil,
For all the week long you'll be ruled by the devil.

The last two omens regarding Sunday must have originated in the days when it was a penal offence for a man to kiss his wife on Sunday, and when Melchisedec Jones was put in the stocks for calling on his sweetheart one Sabbath evening.

There are intelligent and well-educated people whom nothing can induce to try on a mourning garment when not in black themselves.

The writer has heard a lady upbraiding herself with the keenest remorse on the death of her sister, because a few days previous she had tried on a black crape hat belonging to a friend visiting at the house. To reason with her and endeavor to prove that any connection between the two events was impossible, comforted her but little—and, to-day, it is probable that none of the family would, upon any consideration, do the same thing again.

Every one knows the origin of the custom of burying the dead with their feet to the east, a custom universal among Christian nations, and adopted at first thus, as the Lord is to come in the east, the dead may arise and stand with their faces to Him in the resurrection. The usage of centuries has rooted this custom so deeply that it is little wonder that when it is departed from the superstitious shake their heads and prophesy that no good will come of it. Some of us, indeed, who do not in such case actually expect another death in the family must confess to feeling as though our dead could not rest quietly if laid otherwise than in this time-honored position.

SETTING THE HOUSE IN ORDER.

Probably insurance agents are the only people who have any idea how many men, sensible in other respects, are kept from insuring their lives by the fear, either on their own part or on that of some member of their families, that the act might shorten their lives, and there are sober business men who die and leave their estates to endless litigation rather than make a will, because of the vague fear lest they "setting their house in order" hasten the day of death.

From the same fear many men refrain from altering or adding to an old house, and we have known a man prominent in his neighborhood, wealthy and otherwise liberal to his family, who year after year lived on in a dwelling which was a continual mortification to his wife and daughters, resisting all their entreaties to rebuild, so fully was he convinced that if he were so to do his death would soon follow. This superstition is not an uncommon one among old people.

"Say your prayers, child; you'll have seven years' trouble," once said a lady to the writer, when the latter had broken her doll's looking-glass. The augury was fulfilled, but as four of seven were the black years of the late civil war, the trouble was by no means confined to the unlucky looking-glass that term.

Country folk—some in jest, some in earnest—translate the voice of a chicken cock crowing at the door into "Stranger coming to-day," and we remember an old lady who invariably made preparation for company when the warning note was sounded upon her premises. In thirty years, she declared the sign had never failed her.

The same old lady had as a pet a cat as black as any which ever figured in a tale of necromancy. "Keep a black cat," she used to say, when the hue of her favorite was commented on, "keep a black cat and you'll never lack for money." She was wealthy, but a few miles off lived an old negro crone, mistress of a cat as black as her own, who (the negress, not the cat,) had the credit of witchcraft, and who, in spite of her reputed connection with the devil and the ownership of the cat, had hard work to keep body and soul together.

NOT AT EVERY TURN.

There are a thousand and one superstitions strung upon the thread of life every-day lives and which meet us at every turn. Few of us are weak enough to let them influence our actions, yet most of us remember them unpleasantly now and then, while very many of us, did we own the truth, have one or more omens which we would prefer not to encounter.

"I cannot bear to have my left eyelid quiver," said a lady of cultivation and average intelligence. "Of course I know there is nothing in it, but then I can't help feeling, when it does so, as if trouble was coming."

I'll try of people who ought to know better are firm believers in the superstition that it is unlucky to place the shoes which one has worn during the day otherwise at night than with the toes pointing to the door and can not sleep in peace unless they have done so.

Years ago the belief in the evil omen of spilling salt was so prevalent that it was ridiculed by Addison in *The Spectator*; but the superstition still holds its own. The evil may be averted by throwing a pinch of salt over the left shoulder, a charm which is clearly a relic of the old heathen ceremonial of casting rice in the air and pouring libations on the ground as a propitiatory offering to unseen spirits. Among the signs which are supposed to foretell death are the ringing in the ear, known as the death bell; and death-watch, (a peculiar ticking noise caused by a small insect cutting its way through wood), or a portrait falling from its place on the wall, and each of them has more than once given nervous persons a fit of the blues.

When the eyes of a corpse refuse to shut they are ghastly enough, in all conscience, to give color to the superstition that they are watching for some one who is soon to follow, and if a horse chances to stumble near a grave-yard its rider may be excused if his sensations thereat are none of the most pleasant, even though he is not so foolish as to consider it an actual death-warning.

If a door opens without apparent cause the Germans have a saying, which has come across the water to their American descendants, that a spirit has entered, and the cold nervous shiver, which most persons have felt more or less often, is held to result from footfalls over the future grave of him who experiences it.

There are sick-nurses who, at the bed-side of the dying, never fail to open a door or window that the parting soul may pass out. The superstition is, I think, of Scotch origin, and the reader will remember Meg Merrilies at the dying bed of the gypsy, chanting:

Open lock—end strife—
Come death and pass life.

DINNER PARTIES.

Tragic stories are related in various parts of the country at home and abroad of evil resulting to the unlucky guests at dinner parties of thirteen. Many intelligent and educated people harbor this superstition. Bismarck, it is said, refuses under any circumstances to sit down to table with the fatal number.

The Good Old Times.

There were no tax collectors; no London crics; no Christmas bills; no lawyers to set men by the ears; no telegrams to shorten your holidays; no newspapers to chronicle your shortcomings; no gunpowder barges to blow you up in your sleep; no steam launches to run you down when you sailed in your shallop by the reed-margined river; no cynics to sneer at Christmas customs or question the reality of Christmas ghosts. In short, it was the good old days. "Limited liability" was not yet created to fascinate the intellect of finance and empty the pockets of fools. Turks and Egyptians were not borrowing in English markets, though they were occasionally objects of Christian attentions, which they have since returned without interest. The stage Irishman and the typical North countryman had not yet shown virtue her own bright image and shamed vice into a corner. Mr. William Shakespeare had not flung broadcast 10,000 apples of discord to afflict mankind with endless controversies, and found a school of acting that struts and mouths and calls a child a "sheyld." The short-hand writer was waiting to be born with the press, and Lord Coleridge and the Lord Chief-Justice had not fired every other counsel and Judge in the land with the desire to address law courts for 14 days at a stretch. There were no perambulators, no Parisian modistes, no necessity for co-operative stores, no commission agents, no middlemen, no clerical magistrates, no school board beadles, no game laws, no ticket-of-leave, no traders on charity, no Irish patriots, no deposit banks, no societies for clothing the Hottentots. As I said before, it was the good old days. The zodiac was in perfect order. Not a Christian man had heard of the vagaries of the Gulf Stream. May day brought its flowers and its festivals to the moment by the record of strictest sun-dial. At Easter there were gammons of bacon all over the land, and Easter hats even in the warren of Staines forest. The red man roamed at will in the undreamed-of-forests of the New World. The dusky Indian had no master but his untamed will. The wild boar and the wolf challenged the hunter's power in English woods. The eagle sat in solemn state on the white cliffs of Dover. There were omens. The owl shrieked; the night crow crowed; the raven flapped his wings; death bells were heard at sea; your grandfather, clad in armor as he lived, walked out of his ancient picture-frames and once in a way some weird and withered tree would spout fire from its shrunken boughs. Night was night, and day was day. You rose with the lark, you rested when the sun went down on lands not yet weighed, and mapped, and colonized. Knives and forks were unknown implements; and when Prince Dagobert struck his wife he struck her with his mailed hand, and none could say him nay.

Raising Sunken Vessels.

An experiment recently took place in the East India Dock Basin, Blackwall, London, by permission of Mr. J. A. du Plat Taylor, the secretary of the Dock Company, for the purpose of testing and illustrating the mode of raising sunken ships by means of the apparatus patented by Mr. William Atkinson, naval engineer, of Sheffield. The machinery employed consists of the necessary number and size, according to the power required, of oval or egg-shaped buoys constructed of sheet iron, having an internal valve of a simple and effective character. Captain Blake Dutton, the dock master, who assisted during the operations, had placed his small yacht at the inventor's service for the occasion. The vessel was moored in the basin, and a set of four buoys were attached to it, one on each side near the bow and the stern. Air was supplied from a pump on the quay by a pipe communicating with a small copper globe resting on the deck of the vessel, and from which place proceeded four other flexible tubes, one to each buoy, thus distributing the air to each one equally. The vessel being flooded and in a sinking condition, the buoys were attached and the valves opened; they rapidly filled with water, and the vessel immediately sank in about 20 feet. Upon the first attempt an air chamber in the stern had been lost sight of, causing the vessel to come up to the surface stern uppermost; this being rectified, the vessel was again sent to the bottom, and allowed to remain a short time to allow her to settle down. When the order was given to work the pump, the vessel was brought to the surface, perfectly level, in about three minutes. The apparatus used, although only models, and on a comparatively diminutive scale (the buoys measuring 3 feet 6 inches in height and 2 feet 6 inches in diameter), was estimated to be capable of lifting a weight of nearly 20 tons, and that it needed, as represented by the patentee, only a corresponding increase in the lifting power to deal successfully with vessels of any tonnage.

A young man who boasted of moving in the highest circles was found to be the gallery of a theatre.

A Flower-Girl's Romance.

A BEAUTIFUL ITALIAN COUNTESS WHO SELLS FLOWERS AND FASCINATES THE SWELLS OF PARIS.

The flower girls of Paris, says a correspondent in that city, are not always beautiful; frequently they are white-capped old women, just as often rosy-cheeked children, and occasionally young girls with bold faces and more bold manners; but last week the flower-selling circle of the city were subject to a sensation.

It was remarked that a young foreigner was selling, on the Boulevard des Italiens, knots of pansies and rosebuds for a louis apiece, while the customary price was ten sous. Who was this audacious stranger, reaping gold in place of copper? they indignantly asked. But what they were ignorant of the Jockey club profess to know, and point out their protege as the heroine of a hundred adventures.

She is very beautiful. There is no doubt of that. A dazzling blonde—the rare blonde of old Italy—and she understands how to display her charms in the picturesque garb of a contadina, and how to heighten them by a touch of coquetry. A glance of her brilliant eyes, a smile on her pouting lips, and the purchaser forgets to ask for change, if, indeed, he would ask it of the daughter of the count, for such is Anita de Vittorini, the disowned child of a noble Italian family. Her history is so strange as to be almost incredible, yet there are plenty in Paris willing to vouch for its truth.

At 16 years of age she ran away from the convent school where she was being educated. Nothing worse actuated her than a wild desire for freedom and a romantic longing for adventure. With the greatest difficulty she made her way to Havre, desolated and frightened at the insults to which her beauty and youth exposed her.

There she met a French sea captain by the name of Cassoyers, who fell madly in love with her. Fear of being overtaken and punished led her to consent to marry him, and married they were, sloping afterward on the captain's own ship. The adventures Anita longed for having begun, they did not soon come to an end.

The bold mariner became frantically jealous of his beautiful wife, and finally went so far as to lock her up in her cabin, but the young Italian had no idea of exchanging one prison for another, and managed to enlist the sympathies of the crew already inclined to rebel against the captain, who was of an overbearing and tyrannical nature.

As a matter of course they mutinied, somewhere near the Azores, and murdered the tyrant. After this summary proceeding, Anita proposed to take the lead, but instead of that, the first mate, a wily Mexican, took possession of the ship and all the captain's belongings, including his bride. Three days later the beautiful blonde finished a self-appointed task, that of digging a hole with her poignard in the ship. The vessel sank, but the revengeful Italian, aided by two sailors, her countrymen, kept afloat on some planks tied together with rope for twenty-four hours.

They were rescued by an English boat and carried to Liverpool, where Anita's beauty and strange adventures created considerable stir. She had been in England but two weeks when a wealthy and respectable ship broker followed the example of the French sea captain, and, falling desperately in love with, insisted on marrying the witching widow, notwithstanding his family, who made every resistance.

All the good advice in the world is apt to fall flat before a pair of brilliant eyes and exquisite mouth, as it did in this case, and cutting himself entirely aloof from his relatives, he quietly wedded the shipwrecked siren and went to live in Florence.

In Florence they led a gay and luxurious life for two years, Anita becoming a belle, a toast, and the centre of the most exclusive circle in the city. Her family still refused to recognize her, though she visited Milan and took care to flash her diamonds, her superb toilets, and rich equipages under their eyes. But her career in society came to a sudden close with the death of her husband, which was hastened, it is said, by the atmosphere of perfume, roses, music, and romance which was stifling to his honest English lungs and nature.

Once more a widow, Anita had barely time to discover that her weeds were ravishingly becoming before she found herself involved in a bitter fight with her late husband's relatives. After lengthy litigation, the latter succeeded in having the marriage declared irregular, and the will, which had left Anita £400,000, set aside.

Reduced to complete poverty, the young Italian determined to turn her beauty to account, and, selling her elegant wardrobe and jewels, began life as *bouquetière du grand monde*, selling flowers on St. Mark's square, in Venice. It is said she amassed considerable money, and only left with the novelty of buying flowers from the white-handed, beautiful blonde had ceased to exist for her chivalrous countrymen.

Now she appears suddenly in Paris, where she is too remarkable to pass without notice, and she dispenses roses with a charming air of nonchalance and patronage to the young bloods of Paris, to whom she is already well known. She is a picture, and she knows it. How long the poor flower-vendors of the city will endure this monopoly of trade is not yet determined but they look more capable of pelting pebbles than pansies as she passes.

A Communist's Suicide.

A profoundly melancholy and touching and at the same time strangely dramatic story is that related in the Paris newspapers concerning the end of a leader of the Paris Commune. Among the rebels of 1871 was a "Commissaire Central" named Parmentier. This man, after the collapse of the revolt, was supposed to have fled, and he was condemned to death "in contumaciam" by one of the courts-martial sitting at Versailles. But Parmentier had not run away. He had not even left Paris. His wife, who was a workwoman in a match factory, sheltered her husband in a garret on the sixth floor of a house in the Rue Popincourt; and this garret, during a period of nearly 10 years, the proscribed Communist never left. The concierge and the neighbors were wholly ignorant that Mme. Parmentier had anyone living with her. About a month ago the porter became aware that she no more passed his lodge. He waited for a few days, thinking that she might be in the country; then he made himself [illegible] and [illegible] her [illegible]. He [illegible] but failed [illegible]. By this time the [illegible] proceeded to [illegible] to the Commissary of Police of the quarter; and that functionary, accompanied by a medical man and a locksmith, speedily made his appearance on the scene. The door of the room on the sixth floor was broken open, but at first those who sought to enter were driven back by a horribly noisome odor. When they did enter a shocking spectacle presented itself. On the bed lay the corpse of Mme. Parmentier, and by her side was the dead body of an unknown man. By the papers discovered on him he was, however, speedily recognized as the Communist Commissaire Central Parmentier, condemned to death in 1871. It further became manifest that the unfortunate couple, who had been many days dead, had committed suicide by suffocation with the fumes of charcoal. Both husband and wife were on the verge of 60 years, and it is conjectured that the poor woman, finding her health and strength declining, and unable to procure sufficiently remunerative employment for the subsistence of herself and her husband, had at length yielded to utter despondency, persuaded or been persuaded by her husband to put an end to the existence of both.

"Where do you mean, playing marbles on the Sabbath, you young rascal?" exclaimed a father. "Oh, this is a sacred game of marbles, pa." That boy remarked that "the old [illegible]" attended a "sacred concert" the previous Sunday, whereat the "Marseillaise," Mozart's [illegible] and the "Turkish Patrol" were the selected hymns.

High Art Music.

SOULFUL EXPRESSION IN DRESS AND THE SYMPHONIC TALK IT IS BRINGING IN.

"Lillian," said Mrs. Verd Antique to her statuesque sister, who was leaning against a Greek tile mantle in a costume of the Renaissance, "do you remember the seamstress we had before we went abroad?"

"Sappho Helena Smythe, do you mean, Beatrice, or plain Margaret, who broke your Dresden tete-a-tete?"

"No, Sappho Helena, the girl with dreamy eyes and soulful hair, she used to pose on the stairs, and had such a sweet face for the baluster, just like an old carving!"

"I remember," said little Verd Antique, who was in the room, "Cath ya kithed her on the thtairs, and you thed she wath an arthful dodger."

"Dear little angel, what a memory he has! Well, Lillian," continued Mrs. V. A., "you know we thought then that she wore her dresses awfully scant and must be very poor, while all the time it was her severely classic taste; she has gone into the artistic drapery, and makes a whole costume with about three stitches in it, just enough to secure the draperies."

"How awfully lovely of her; but of what school is she a disciple?"

"Her own—that is the very thing; it is the harmony of a self-developed principle, the the expression of a struggling soul wrought out in a cloth of gold. Oh, Lillian, think of the transcendental severity of the ideal in white satin with lace applique panels, and the design of purpose, in pearl beadings! Her trimmings are all thoughts and the folds of her robes are rivulets of song. Can you imagine anything more progressive?"

"And how much paltry gold does one pay for these expressions of art?" asked Miss Lillian, poetically.

"Why, they are awfully cheap, too," was the satisfied answer. "In order to meet the requirement of idealized thought that sweet Sappho has lived on a diet of bread and milk, and she will not permit any of her girls to taste any grosser food; so you see she can make the costumes very cheap—another hit—they are all posed to order. If you want a leaning costume with a serpentine train, there it is; but it will always lean. If you want a sitting picture, gold and crimson draperies in repose, the furnishes it in a chair harmony. Bouffant sleeves, puffed drapery, sunset effect. A walking dress will only need a hand.

"It will be posed for a hour around the world."

"Oh, Beatrice! did you ever imagine such a triumph of art?"

"Never in my wildest dreams; and these masterpieces are absolutely under lock and key. You have no idea how to get into them until the master mind gives you the key, nor how to get out when when you are once in. They just wrap you round and round in a labyrinth of æsthetic harmonies!"

"Beatrice," said her sister solemnly, "I have set my heart on having a Tudor gown. It must be of violet satin embroidered with gold daises, and the whole effect iambient devices of the old Tudor days wrought out in expression. It must be abnormally critical, and yet half conscious with a pensive individuality. You remember how artistically Sappho used to dispose our towels into Greek ideals for her head?"

"She athele 'em all, didn't she, ma?" aspirated young Verd at that precise moment.

"Have it correspond and assimilate, Lillian," remonstrated her sister; "you must not Tudorize Greek ideals. The waist must be very short—a brief thought, and the draperies long and voluminous, like an overpowering responsibility. Shall it be a reclining dress or a spirituelle languor?"

"I think a dreamy reclining dress, to contrast with your harmonious background, chair? yes, that will do. You will crystalize into a euphony of art. Sappho will suggest an illuminated missal. What talent that girl has!"

(Sappho in her ideal studio of drapery.)

"Here, Imogene, take these old duds over to Miss Verd Antique and tell her I'd like the money for that gold-and-white symphony and her realistic costume calls for an expression in greenbacks. Daphne, where's that old art almanac? I must get an idea for a simply severe style of the classic order. The daughter of Virginius and the Goddess of Liberty must help me out of that. Such geese as women are!"

Tears, Idle Tears.

Tears, chemically considered, says an exchange, are a weak solution of chloride of sodium and phosphate of lime. Poetically considered, they are drops splashed into the eyes from the deep spring of the soul, into which a weight of sorrow has fallen. Physiologically, they are the overflow of the lachrymal glands, caused by the contraction of certain muscles. It is our present purpose to consider them as a weapon of attack and defense. They are the last resource of the gentler sex, the emotional "last ditch," as it were. To use them with effect, therefore, requires a certain judgment. They should not lightly be resorted to. If the lady appeals to these moist arguments on all occasions they soon lose their virtue. They simply become a damp nuisance. Another important requisite is that they should be used artistically. It is the theory that tears—pearly tears—flow down the cheek; but in practice it is found that they usually dribble down the nose. The eyes get red, and the nose sympathizes with the general moisture, and gets a sort of sour look at the end. It may be laid down as a rule that the woman who uses her handkerchief at this moment is lost. The dignity and effectiveness of tears is gone as soon as the mopping business begins. A light hysterical sniffle may be permitted if artistically executed with a gasp or sob, but no polishing of eyelid or proboscis is admissible. The best method is to hold the head erect, look the cruel tyrant in the face, and let the tears flow down while the lips feign a smile. If the head is bent forward the tears will run down the nose and drop off the end, and that spoils the whole thing. Let us, for example, suppose that the fair operator wants a spring bonnet, a dress or a love of a bonnet. The stern and heartless tyrant refuses, and cruel sparks in an unfeeling manner about bills. The skillful practitioner will not sulk or complain. She will look up at him smilingly and pleadingly, and softly remark that she will continue to wear her old winter bonnet; then her chin will twitch, and a faint tremor will be heard in her voice, and tears—idle tears—will flow one by one down her cheeks. Thereupon the stern tyrant opens his pocket-book.

Bad Swirls.

The Colorado river is noted for "swirls," so called. They occur everywhere, but only at high stages of water. A bubble rises from the bottom and breaks with a slight sound on the surface. The water at the point begins a rotary motion so small that an inverted tea-cup might cover it. Larger and larger grows the circle, till a surface of forty feet in diameter is in motion, spinning round a funnel shaped hole in the centre, two or three feet across the top, and coming to a point in the depths below. Often a large tree floating down the stream is caught, and its foremost end thrust to the air twenty or thirty feet, while the other passes underneath, the exposed end to be slowly drawn down again to disappear.

Soldiers—Deserters from Camp Mohave—passing through the ravine in a skiff, immediately below the fort, entered their canoe to run into a swirl. One of their number, at the first intimation of danger, threw himself overboard beyond the charmed circle, and as he swam away he turned his head and saw the boat spin round and round until, end being drawn into the vortex [illegible] the other uplifted in the air, it slowly sank, he is revolved, into the foaming bosom of the river, its bottom fought to become no more; for the Colorado river does not give up the dead—no corpse lodges on its shores.

Miss [illegible], the daughter of the inventor of the telegraph [illegible] to be married to Mr. [illegible] a wedding tour in Europe.

Disraeli.

GOSSIP ABOUT BEACONSFIELD AND HIS MUCH-TALKED-OF BOOK, "ENDYMION."

No doubt, says the London correspondent of the New York *World*, you will have noticed and enjoyed the childish delight with which the ex-premier depicts the "gilded saloons" of his friends, the aristocracy. In these, after all, is to be found the only kind of social diversion for which he has ever cared. True happiness is to be found only in the society of "queens of fashion" like Zenobia (who is a sort of combination of Lady Blessington and Lady Holland) and "distinguished personages" in blue ribbons and brilliant decorations. Such was always the opinion of Mr. Disraeli, and now that he is an earl he can not well be expected to change it. In one part of "Endymion" he refers—of course indirectly—to the "immense sorrows" of his youth. What were they? He was sent to a solicitor's office to be trained in the study of the law. He was not a common-place clerk, as many have supposed; he was not in poverty. The ordinary accounts of the hardships of his early life he has himself repudiated. "My father left me a sufficient patrimony," he once declared. What were his immense sorrows? Simply a compulsory association with the "middle class." Until a lucky accident gave him an entree to Lady Blessington's house and opened Rothschild's door to him he was excluded from the "saloons of the mighty." In this book Endymion's sister is made to predict that all his good fortune will come to him through women. So it actually happened. Lady Blessington took him up, and Mrs. Wyndham-Lewis married him and gave him all her money. Determination can move mountains, but it cannot always enable a man to pick up a fortune with his wife. Even in delineating the fortunes of his new hero, Lord Beaconsfield is obliged to jump the hardest fence on the road by making some anonymous friend come forward with a present of £20,000. Youthful students of the Disraelian system of "getting on" in the world will perhaps complain that donors of £20,000 are comparatively scarce in the world. The noble lord's answer would be: "I have found them; go thou and do likewise. Will a thing and you can get it. Resolve to be prime minister and nothing can prevent you reaching that position. You will want money to start with—look out for a woman who has it. You will never find a man to give you £20,000; therefore turn your eyes to the other sex. I did so, and see where I am and what I have been." That is what the author of "Endymion" would tell any young man in whom he took a friendly interest—Lord Rowton, for instance. People may say that this is not a very lofty view of life. But what is that against it? It enables men to grasp power. To do Mr. Disraeli justice, he never preached any other doctrine. That is why he has been called a more demoralizing writer than G. W. M. Reynolds. He lays the foundation of all belief in the nobler qualities of the human race.

The Late Lord Chief Justice of England.

Sir Alexander Cockburn, who for the last twenty-one years has held the exalted post of Lord Chief Justice of England, died very suddenly of heart disease at the age of 78. The deceased lawyer belonged to an old Scotch family, the baronetcy, which now becomes extinct, dating from 1627. Sir Alexander was best known on this side of the Atlantic as presiding Judge at the Tichborne trial, and from the part he took in the Geneva arbitration. Though a profound lawyer, he did not allow his respect for the law to blind his judgment in cases where the carrying out of its edicts to the bitter end would have worked injustice. To this trait in his character was due much of the respect that was accorded to him. Referring to a celebrated assault case between newspaper men, which occurred about a year ago, and which will be tried shortly, he freely expressed his sentiments in private to the following effect: "If any gentleman strikes another and is challenged for it he cannot avoid accepting the challenge without laying himself open to a charge of cowardice." When still an unknown barrister he defended a man charged with the killing of a noted duelist who had forced a duel on him. Cockburn's address to the jury was short and to the point. In closing he said: "Gentlemen, my learned friend has told you that this is murder; the Judge will tell you that this is murder; I know that it is no murder, and you know that it is no murder." The jury found the prisoner "not guilty."

The death of the Lord Chief Justice has brought to the surface many amusing stories of him. On one occasion, when a young barrister, he had to examine a witness named Phinn, and asked him, "How do they spell it, with an F or a Ph?" "Some spell it one way and some the other," replied the witness. "But there is surely a right way." "Of course," replied the witness. "Very good," rejoined Cockburn. "How do you spell it yourself." "Oh, I don't spell it at all! I always makes my mark."

Sir Alexander used to tell another good story against himself: He was counsel for the plaintiff; Mr. B. was the defendant. Cockburn called a witness and proceeded to examine him. "I understand," he said, "that you called on the plaintiff, Mr. Jones. Is that so?" "Yes," replied the man. "What did he say?" demanded Cockburn. Mr. B. promptly rose and objected. The conversation could not be admitted as evidence. But Cockburn persisted, and Mr. B. thereupon appealed to the Judges, who, after some time, retired to consider the point. They were absent for nearly half an hour, and when they returned they announced that Mr. Cockburn might put his question. "Well, what did he say?" asked counsel. "Please, sir, he wasn't at home!" replied the witness.

Sir Alexander was a good shot and an enthusiastic yachtsman. He delighted in ladies' society, and was very fond of music. But he was seen to the greatest advantage in his library, whither he liked to adjourn to smoke a cigar after the departure of all but a few favored guests. There he used to speak freely about his experiences at the bar and tell how he brought home the famous Rugeley murder to the guilty party. At the time he was Solicitor-General, and it fell to him to prosecute. Palmer, the murderer, was a medical man, an expert chemist, and had, as he thought, completely covered up the traces of his poisoning. Sir Alexander was convinced of his guilt, gave his whole attention to the matter, and for weeks studied day and night the effects of various poisons on the human system. When he had mastered the subject he called together a council of medical friends and made them examine him, so as his knowledge of toxicology, and it was this study of the subject that enabled him to bring the murderer to the gallows. Palmer is said to have remarked shortly before the execution that nothing but the skill of the Solicitor-General could have proved him guilty.

Oil on Troubled Waters.

Some remarkable experiments which have taken place this week at the entrance of the North Harbour, Peterhead, are described by the Dundee Advertiser as having been attended by very satisfactory results. Bottles filled with oil were sunk to the bottom of the harbour in which the sea was breaking heavily. The oil was then released, and rising to the surface it immediately and magical effect in smoothing the troubled waters. Instead of the waves breaking, the sea became quite smooth and glassy looking, and there was a visible subsiding [illegible] which, in place of being [illegible] long undulating [illegible]. The opinion of those who witnessed the experiments, including among others Mr. [illegible], of Dundee, was that [illegible] by the use of a simple invention of Mr. [illegible] of Peth, oil can be laid on extensively by means [illegible] of all exposed harbours, it will be quite possible to smooth down the stormy waves so as to enable vessels to come and in safety even amidst the [illegible].—Pall Mall Gazette.

Marrying the Bank.

AMBITIOUS AND MERCENARY MATCH-MAKING IN FRANCE.

By degrees the traditions of the old faubourg were lost. There was a marked tendency among the descendants of the [illegible] to quit the old mansions in the Rue Saint Dominique and the Rue de Grenelle, and settle down in the Faubourg Saint Honoré, the Boulevard Malesherbes, or other quarters adjoining the Arc de Triomphe. Inducements were not wanting. Rich parents were willing enough to give handsome dowries to future sons-in-law providing their daughters could find eligible and titled husbands. The granddaughter of M. Poutre thus became Duchesse de la Tremoille and Princesse de Tarente—one of the oldest titles in France; while the Duchesse d'Uzes can claim a very close relationship to the widow Clicquot; the Princesse de Sagan is the daughter of the famous financier Seillere; and her sister-in-law, the Duchesse de Montmorency, owes her large fortune to her grandfather, M. Aguado. The banker, Greffulhe, one of the largest land holders in Paris, repaired the escutcheon of the house of Arenberg; Charles Laffitte obtained the marquisate of Galiffet for his daughter, and the millions of Say, the sugar refiner, have gone to enrich the de Broglies. The Princesse Camille de Polignac was a Mlle. Langenberger; her sister-in-law, the Princesse Guy de Polignac, was a Mlle. Pommery, of Rheims; the future Duchesse de Richelieu is related to the Heine family; and there are few cases where the rich financier or merchant prince has failed in getting a title for his daughter.

Rich marriages have been sought by younger sons, and the fortunes which have been scattered to the winds by the revolution are gradually being gathered round the great names which figure in the "Almanach de Gotha." Prince Lubomirski dropped the pen of the novelist to marry the widow Boyer, whose "Eau de Carmes" continues to be made, notwithstanding the execution of the decrees, which has stopped the distillation of "Chartreuse" and "Benedictine." Following his example, Prince Radziwill, a relation by marriage, renounced his high position at the imperial court of St. Petersburg to take up his residence in France and marry the eldest daughter of M. Blanc, the prince in Monaco, and the benefactor of the rock of Monte Carlo. There has been more or less romance about all these weddings. At times ambition and poverty have been weighed in the scale, and the selfishness of some who have not had the courage to deny themselves the good things of this world has compelled them to become fortune-hunters. At any rate, as soon as an heiress makes her appearance in society, she is sure to be courted by those who, in their leisure hours, are continually talking of the prestige which should attach to the name they bear.

Another democratic marriage will have to be included in the next issue of the "Almanach de Gotha." This time the course of true love has run smooth. There has been no ambition on either side, and a romance almost like a dream has become a reality. Mlle. Marie Blanc, the benefactress of the people of Monaco, whose fortune has been entirely devoted to establishing manufactories and workshops where the Monegasques could develop their talent, was recently led to the altar by Prince Roland Bonaparte, a subaltern in the 36th regiment of the line. Those who know the young lady will readily acknowledge that it would be difficult to find anyone who has made a more noble use of a fortune, or who has done more toward promoting a taste for art in the principality where the name of her family is a household word. Her dowry attracted a number of suitors; but no title could tempt her, and she preferred to wait until her heart had spoken.

How "the Creation" Originated.

In a recent number of the London monthly, an English singer and composer, G. H. Purday, relates some interesting reminiscences of Haydn, among others the following:

"One morning, about forty years ago, I was seated in the music store of my brother, No. 45 High Holborn, (London), when an old, but still, robust-looking gentleman entered, and accosted me as follows:

'Probably you do not know who I am?'

I answered: 'No sir, I have not the pleasure of knowing you.'

He then said: 'My name is Bland. I was the original proprietor of the business, and about forty years ago, when I believed that music had reached its pinnacle and might deteriorate much quicker than it had improved, I resolved to sell my business and invest my capital in something else. I am about ninety years old.'

He then related that he was the first who had gone to Germany, in order to bring Haydn over to England. It was the above-mentioned house in Holborn in which Haydn lived for a time after his arrival in England.

Upon his arrival in Vienna, Bland was presented to the great composer while the latter was engaged in shaving himself. He complained that this operation was by no means an agreeable one, and said:

'Ah, Mr. Bland, what would I not give for a pair of good English razors? I would willingly give one of my best quartets for them.'

'I ran,' said Mr. Bland 'to my hotel and got a pair of my own, on receiving which, he was so pleased that without hesitation he presented me with the promised quartet, which I published under the title, "The Shaving Quartet." He also gave me a cantata, called "O Nerea." My father was a intimate friend of Barthelemon, the first violinist of Salomon's concerts, who engaged Haydn to come to England and to compose the celebrated symphonies Nos. I. and XII. for these concerts, which symphonies were called the "Salomon Set." During Haydn's sojourn in England, a performance of Handel's "Messiah" made such an impression on him that he expressed the ardent wish to his friend Barthelemon to compose a similar work. He asked the latter's advice in regard to the subject to be chosen. Barthelemon brought his Bible, opened it, and said:

'There; take this and begin at the beginning.'

Barthelemon assured my father that this was the origin of the idea of the composition of "The Creation."'

A Delicate Question.

For some time past a controversy has been carried on in the columns of a Paris newspaper on the following delicate question: "If a man find himself, at the same time, in the [illegible] of his wife and his mother-in-law, to [illegible] should he offer his arm for the purpose of [illegible]?" On the one side it is contended that preference in this regard should be accorded to the mother-in-law; for should she, lacking support and protection while in charge of her daughter's husband, slip down and break her leg, or haply be run over at a crossing, her son-in-law could scarcely fail to be saddled with the cost of repairing her—a contingency which no married man can contemplate without a shudder. Another writer upon this theme observes that "even admitting the mother-in-law's prior claim, to be established by some *lex non scripta* of polite etiquette, exception must be taken to it during the honey-moon, when the prescriptions of etiquette are bound to give way to the dictates of the heart." A [illegible] exhorts his married readers to offer their arms to their young wives, leaving mothers-in-law to take care of themselves. "For," he argues, "if your wife walk alone, who knows what anxiety whispers may reach her ears, and with what effect? Whereas your mother-in-law is [illegible] by her [illegible]." The subject [illegible] by the *Figaro* to sum up the arguments on both sides and pronounce judgment upon the original question, gives his decision in the following terms: "A [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible] both there the only condition, to which [illegible] will be [illegible] the [illegible] her daughter [illegible]."

Confession.

Sir, in that flight of ages which are God's
Own vision in justify the deed—pardoned
Some, once the most execrable men on earth,
Spain, then the neighbour, trembled reads
on earth.
So make it by me, may seek to unhurry me,
To lay me in some shrine of this old Spain.
Or in that water Spain I have to Rome.
There some one standing by my grave will
say—

"Behold the bones of Christopher Colon"—
"Aye, but the chance, what do they mean—
the shrine?"
I sorrow for that kindly child of Spain
Who then will have to answer, "Three mens
chains
Bound them some bones back thro' the
Atlantic sea,
Which he vouchsafed for all the world to
come."

O, Queen of Heaven, who sees the souls
in hell
And purgatory, I suffer all as much
As they do—for, the moment. Sony, my
son
Where once: my son will speak for me
Abler than I am in these agonies that grind
Here against bone. You will not. One
last word.

You move about the court, I pray you tell
King Ferdinand, who pardon with me, that
one
Whom life has been no play—with him and
his
Hidalgoes — shipwrecks, famines, fevers,
fights,
Mutinies, treacheries—work'd at and con-
demn'd—
That I am loyal to him till the death,
And ready, though our Holy Catholic creed,
Who has had pledged his person to me my first
voyage,
Whose hope was mine to spread the Catho-
lic faith,
Who wept with me when I returned in
chains,
Who ate beside the Blessed Virgin rose,
To whom I send my prayers by night and
day—
She is mine—but you will tell the king that I,
Rachel as I am with gout and wrench'd with
pains
Gained in the service of his highness, yet
Am ready to sail forth on one last voyage,
Am ready, if the king would hear, to lead
One last crusade against the Saracen,
And save the Holy Sepulchre from thrall.

Going! I am old and slighted; you have
dared
Somewhat perhaps in coming: my poor
thanks!
I am but an alien and a Genoese.
—From Tennyson's New Volume.

THREE, SEVEN, ACE.

"What! did you bet on the red all even-
ing?"

"Yes, I rarely change my play."

"You are the most competent gambler I
have ever seen."

"What do you think of Hermann, then,
for self-control? He never in his life touch-
ed a card—or made a bet, and yet he will
watch us play till morning. such a fine love
of it."

"True," said Hermann, "it interests me,
but I never play.

This conversation took place at the quar-
ters of Naremoff, a lieutenant in the hussars.
It was late. Play had been heavy, and
potatoes deep.

"Ah, well," cried Tomski, "Hermann is
in the engineer corps, and therefore economi-
cal—that is all. But, for the curiosity, just
look at my grandmother, the Countess
Fedorovna. She is rich; she is a woman;
and sit on a 50 vares old—yet she never
plays!"

"It is indeed strange," said Naremoff.
"but what is the reason?"

"Indeed and I will tell you. You must
know that sixty years ago she was at Paris,
and created a furore by her beauty—they called
her the Muscovite Venus. Those were the
good old days, just before the fall of the
monarchy in 89, when every one, ladies and
all, played at faro. One evening she lost a
large sum to the Comte de Provence, the
king's brother. Oh her return she took off
her patches, disheveled her hair, had, they
tragically say, several, internal fits, and beat
of her ill luck. My defunct grandfather
(peace to his ashes) was a species of financial
secretary to his wife. He feared only her
and the devil—the last, the least. But
when she confided to him the amount she
had lost, he almost rose to the ceiling, flew
into a terrible passion, and refused to pay a
single franc. My grandmother was like a
woman of spirit—she slapped his face, and
passed the night in another room. The next
day, however, she returned to the attack.
Tears this time; but it was useless. Her
long-suffering husband declared that she
had almost wanted half a million, and it
might as well end one time as another.

"Fortunately for her, an idea occurred by
which she did not fail to profit. There was
at that time in Paris a certain strange in-
dividual who was known by the name of the
Comte de Saint-Germain. You have doubt-
less heard of him. He was looked upon as
the wandering Jew, and was reputed to
possess the secret of the philosopher's stone
and the elixir of life as well. Despite the
mystery surrounding him, he was much
sought after and was universally liked.
Well, she wrote to him requesting him to
grant her an interview. He was punctilious,
hastened to her house, and found her plung-
ed deeper, the subject of her grief, her
fortune, the cruelty of her husband, and
begged him to assist her. After reflecting,
a few moments, Saint-Germain replied:

"'Madame, I am easily used yes the
money you require, but I will trust you. You
will have no peace until you repay me.
do not wish to extricate you from one
difficulty only to plunge you into another.
There is but one course open to you—you
must win the money back again.'

"'But, my dear count,' said my grand-
mother, 'I've already told you that I haven't
a franc.'

"'You do not need money,' he replied;
'listen.' And then he confided to her a
secret for which any one of you, gentlemen,
would give ten years of his life.

All the young officers listened with intense
interest. Tomski paused a moment, lit his
cigar, and continued:

"That evening she went to the queen's
game at Versailles. The consul de Portugal
was banker, the game faro. She told him
some feminine fib or other for not having yet
paid her debt, and then began to play. She
won every card—first one—then another—
and doubled it on the next—she won
the third time again she doubled it—and
she won.

"Phew!' he—pare luck!' cried one of the
officers.

"A fable," said Hermann.

"But," said Naremoff, "if you have a
grandmother who possesses such secrets, my
dear fellow, why don't you endure her to
confide in you?"

"That is the devil of it," replied Tomski.
"She had three sons besides my father—des-
perate gamblers all of them. Not one ever
succeeded in gaining the privilege they so
ardently desired. But you remember my
uncle, Count Ivan Ilitch—he was favourite
of the old lady. Well, one day he asked
Zavitch three hundred thousand roubles.
He was reduced to beggary. The old
countess took pity upon him, and, after ac-
cepting a pledge upon his honour that he
would never play again, she told him the
mystic series of cards. He sought Zavitch
and demanded his revenge. He first lost
two fifty thousand roubles; his second—but
it is 5 o'clock, gentlemen, and time to break
up. You all know how it ended; he beat
his opponent, who blew out his brains. My
uncle never played again."

The old Countess Fedorovna was seated in
her room before the mirror. Her maids sur-
rounded her, holding rouge, powder and
patches. The countess knew well no longer
pretended to beauty, but she retained
the habits of her youth. Her occupation was
engaged in heavy work.

"Grandmother," said a young officer, as
he entered the room, "I have a favour to
ask," and he stepped and kissed her withered,
old hand.

"What is it, Paul?"

"I want to present one of my brother
officers, and to beg an invitation for him to
your next ball."

"Bring him to the ball and present him
there. Were you at the princess' last
night?"

"Yes; a splendid entertainment; we
danced until 5 o'clock. What a charming
creature is the Countess Elenski!"

"Oh, my dear Paul, you are really pleas-
ed. You should have seen her grandmother,
the Prince Potrovna! She must be very
old now!"

"The Princess Potrovna!" cried Tomski,
shrieking; "why, she has been dead these
seven years!"

He checked himself immediately. Lan-
bette, the manpoline, was making signs to
him. He had forgotten that it was for-
bidden to speak of the death or any of the
countess' aged friends.

"Dead!" said she; "well, well! I did
not know it. We were letters of honor to-
gether when we were girls. I remember the
first time she was presented at court," and
the old lady sighed as she thought of her
vanished youth and beauty. Then, her
mood changing, she gaily bade me talk
with Lizabeth While I am dressing. Tomski,
return to my self-love! Help me to get up,
Lizabeta. and the old countess passed be-
hind the screen.

"Who is this officer you wish to present
to the countess?" asked Lizabeta Ivanovna,
in a low tone. "Is he engaged?"

"No, in the hussars. His name is
Naremoff. But why do you ask me?"

"Don't present him, Tomski, but did not
answer;

"I will, I must be off. Good-by, grand-
mother. Good-by Lizabeta. Why did you
ask if he was in the engineers. And
seeing knowingly, the young officer with-
drew.

Lizabeta Ivanovna sighed, and recommenc-
ed her work.

The young girl's life was an unhappy one.
To eat another's bread is always bitter, but
who could paint the miseries of a companion
to a lady of quality? Brought hither and
yon, the countess showed her because she
servants circle the eager. When she read to
her, the countess held her responsible for
the author's dullness. When she went out
with her, the countess scolded her if the
weather was bad. Often she would retire,
after a day of misery, to her little room and
weep bitterly over the affronts she had
endured.

One morning, a few days before the scene
just related, she was seated at her window,
working, when she perceived a handsome
young officer gazing at her from the street.
She averted her gaze, and applied herself
with redoubled assiduity to her work. After
a few moments she looked up, and he was
still there. For more time he continued to
gaze at her window, and disappeared. The
next day he was there again. The day
after, as she and the countess were about
getting into the carriage, she saw him stand-
ing, muffled in a large fur cloak, watching
her. His bright eyes followed her every
movement. Lizabeth sighed, despite her-
self. From that moment a deep interest
of glamour was begun.

Hermann (for the reader will have guessed
that it was he) had a small fortune, but, for
an officer, was poor. In order to preserve
himself from the vices of his companions, he
raised never to play, and lived within his
means. He was very ambitious, and kept his
secrets. Under his reserve, however,
smoldered the most violent passions. He
had great self-control, and was cautious. In
his gambler, he never touched a card. He
passed whole nights with a number of gam-
blers, favoured by the passion of play, but
never indulging in it. The story of the
Comte de Saint-Germain and Naremoff
made a vivid impression upon his mind. He
could think of nothing else.

"Ah," he said to himself, "if she old
countess would only tell me her secret! or
she would but tell me a number on three
winning cards! I must be presented to
her. I must gain her confidence. She is 87
years old—87! She might die this week—
the night she is necessary—I could be alone
with her!" And he dug his nails into the
palms of his hands as he thought of it.

Hermann was a man of will, and did not
falter in his determination to possess himself
of the secret. He observed the pretty young
girl who acted as companion to the countess,
and resolved to use her as a tool to further
his ends. Not for a moment did a thought
of the misery he might cause her make him
falter. He used every means to open a
correspondence with her. He bribed the
servants. He confided notes to the waiters
who waited upon the countess for orders.
At length his perseverance was rewarded.
Lizabeta answered him. Her first letter
was a somewhat cold note, chiding him for
his rash persistence. But the ice was
broken. In a subsequent letter she was less
reciprocated, and at last she consented to a
rendez-vous. With the rashness with which
timid women sometimes have she appointed
the countess' house for the place. In her
letter she said:

This evening there is to be a ball at the
German ambassador's. It will remain there
until 2 o'clock. As soon as we start for the
ball, which will be about 11, the servants
will immediately retire to the servants' hall.
But one will remain, the footman at the
door, and he probably will be asleep. Come
as soon as you see us leave, and go upstairs.
If you find anyone in the ante-chamber tell
him you have come to see me, and you will
be told she is not, and you must resign your-
self and go. It is not probable that you
will meet anyone, however. When you are
in the ante-chamber take the door to the
left, and you will find yourself in my bed-
room corridor. There, behind a tall screen,
you will see two doors—one opens into the
closet, the other upon a stairway, which
leads to——

Hermann's eyes glazed like those of a
beast of prey as he read the note. Already
he saw the morning before his eyes the heap-
ed gold and bank-notes, the cards, the green
cloth of the gambling table. He saw him-
self in imagination playing card after card,
winning sum on sum, and pocketing the
bank-notes as he lost nothing. His imagina-
tion was excited with feverish impatience the
arrival of the hour.

At 11 o'clock he was waiting in front of
the countess' door. The night was stormy;
the wind moaned fitfully, the snow gave
forth an innumerable flakes; the air was
severe and the deserted street. From time to
time the footfall of a belated passer-by
broke the silence. With the rashness with which
the countess' house for the place. In her
letter she said:

This evening there is to be a ball at the
German ambassador's. It will remain there
until 2 o'clock. As soon as we start for the
ball, which will be about 11, the servants
will immediately retire to the servants' hall.
But one will remain, the footman at the
door, and he probably will be asleep. Come
as soon as you see us leave, and go upstairs.
If you find anyone in the ante-chamber tell
him you have come to see me, and you will
be told she is not, and you must resign your-
self and go. It is not probable that you
will meet anyone, however. When you are
in the ante-chamber take the door to the
left, and you will find yourself in my bed-
room corridor. There, behind a tall screen,
you will see two doors—one opens into the
closet, the other upon a stairway, which
leads to——

Hermann's eyes glazed like those of a
beast of prey as he read the note. Already
he saw before his eyes the heaped-
up